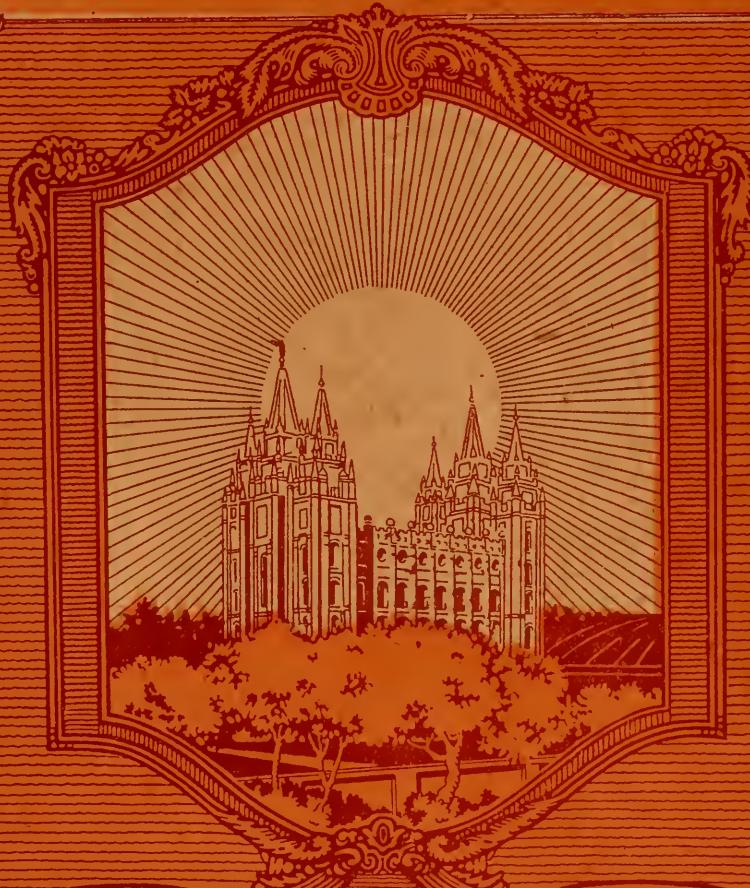


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BOX 67

Improvement Era

VOL. 24 No. 6

APRIL, 1921



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
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Announcement

The General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. hereby announces that scout troops in our Y. M. M. I. A. should be organized and affiliated with the National Organization of the Boy Scouts of America, their work to be standardized to the full requirements of the National Organization, in order to make use of their organization, programs, suits, badges, system of promotion, and other privileges, advantages, recognitions or honors that have to do with boy scouting. The boy scout program, based upon the scout promise, to do his duty to God, to his country, and to obey the scout law—that is, to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent; to help other people at all times; to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight—coupled with the spiritual work of our Church—is the best boy program yet devised, and it is our wish that a boy scout organization be effected and maintained in every M. I. Association in the Church in order that every lad of scouting age may have this advantage of scout-training.

A. W. Ivins,

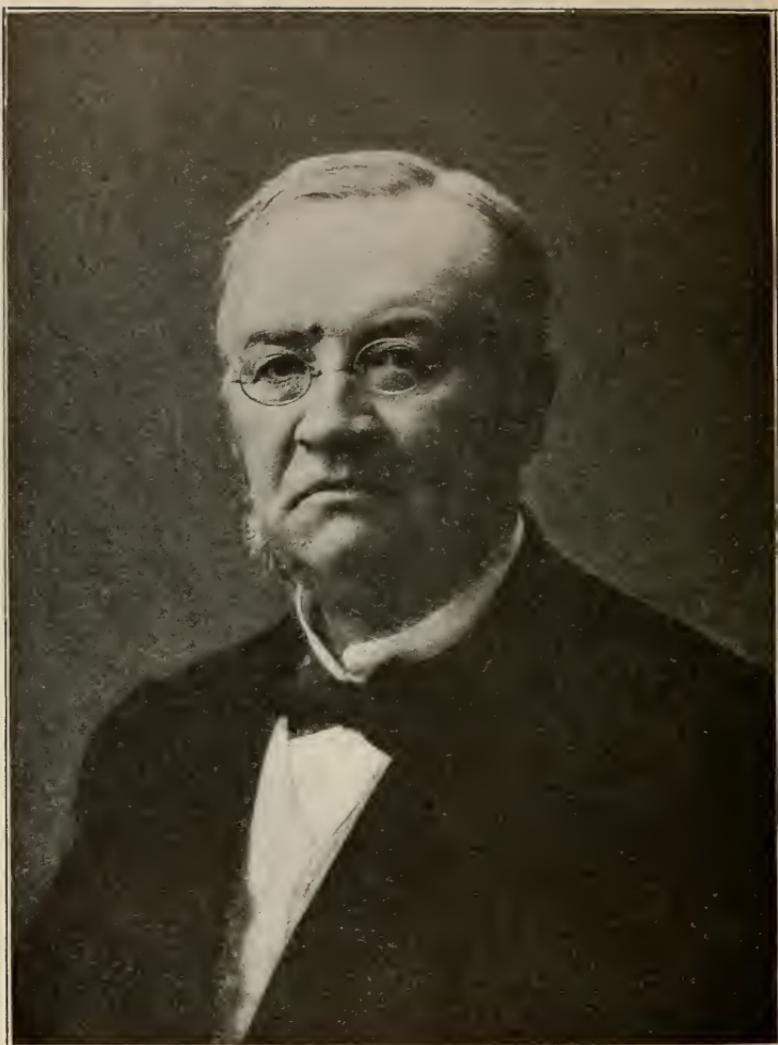
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PRESIDENT ANTHON HENRIK LUND

Born Aalborg, Denmark, May 15, 1844; baptized May 15, 1856; came to Utah Sept. 23, 1862; ordained an apostle, October 7, 1889; appointed Church historian, August, 1900; called as second counselor in the First Presidency, Oct. 17, 1901; as first counselor, April, 1910; died March 2, 1921. For Sketch of his life, see this number of the "Improvement Era."

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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No. 6

The Gospel and Emerson

By William A. Hyde, President Pocatello Stake of Zion

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—*Bacon*.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.—*Keats*.

I have just come from the reading of Emerson's essay on "Compensation," with the exaltation of one who has enjoyed the bracing and enlivening breeze from an intellectual ocean. Much of his discussion, like the more subdued tones of a great harmony, is but half audible to me; much of it appeals to me as an inspired interpretation of fundamental truths, and sometimes I see that our author is standing in the presence of some great fact of life, the end or significance of which, even his acute mind, from the angle of his observation has not fully sensed.

It may appear little short of desecration of art, even sacrilegious for me, to attempt in any way to amplify or criticise what he has said; my only regret is that our philosopher could not have exhaustively pursued his subject in the light of the sacred Word. Were the author^a of law considered in his relation to law, it seems to me that Emerson need not have said that "life is ahead of theology on this subject;" and, with his horizon thus enlarged, this essay, by this master, might have been rounded into something more than a masterpiece,—it might have had the quality of scripture. With that thought only, in mind, and with no unwarranted egotism, from the progress so far gained, I shall, if I may, pursue the subject by the additional light of God's revelations.

^a2 Cor. 4:4; John 7:16.

The motive of this great philosophical dissertation lies in the opposition to the popular sectarian doctrine of Rewards and Punishments. Said Emerson:

What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are held by unprincipled men, whilst the saints and poor are despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last, hereafter, by giving them the like gratification another day,—bank stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended, for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? To love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. * * * The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the Soul; the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

The abstract of Emerson's doctrine, stated in some of the "high lights" of his essay, is that we falsely "assume that justice is not executed in this world;" that "appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles * * * everything is made of one hidden stuff; * * * that "the doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears in all his parts in every moss and cobweb;" that "all things are moral. That soul, which within us is sentiment, outside of us is law. * * * It is almighty. * * * It is eternal but it enacts itself in time and space;" that "every secret is told, every crime punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed in silence and certainty;" that "men call the circumstance the retribution. The casual retribution is the thing and is seen by the soul. * * * The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it;" that "we aim for a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism with the poles of the world;" that "you cannot do wrong without suffering wrong;" that "all infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions;" that "the law of nature is to do the thing and you shall have the power;" that "disasters of all kinds, * * * prove benefactors;" that "the good are defended even by weakness and defect. * * * Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. * * * Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor;" that "man's life is a progress and not a station. His instinct is trust;" that "we feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment

anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far decreases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account;" that "there is therefore no tax on the good of virtue, for this is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence without any comparative * * * I learn the wisdom of Saint Bernard, 'nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.'"

The tenor of this reasoning has this fault, common to all uninspired writing, that it is not unmixed truth. This great thinker recognizes our relationship to some greater thing outside us, and he has followed his "bright intuitions" into the depths, and mounted with them upon the heights. Lesser minds, unable to grasp the great truths he has seen have used them for the foundation of the false notion that man is responsible only to himself—in and of himself is his own reward and his own punishment. These small philosophers who flutter just above the earth and beyond the reach of men, yet immeasurably distant from God, become a danger when they deal with the truths of heaven.

The great thought of compensation is near to the center of theology,—it has to do with God as well as with his children. Admittedly it has its bearing upon the end of life, it had its effect upon^b the beginning. The preacher and Emerson are both right,—the preacher because he asserts that God had to do with compensation; and Emerson, because he asserts that man has to do with it. The preacher did not exclude man, and Emerson did not specifically exclude God, though he neglected him.

These supplemental thoughts which follow, and which are appurtenant to compensation, I find written and advocated in some form in scripture.

Compensation is but the result of the working of numerous laws. It has two elements,—reward the positive, and punishment, or its equivalent, the negative. The balancing of these constitutes justice, which is the conclusion of law, the energy and life of it. This is the thing that Emerson has depicted from the philosopher's point of vision.

Truth in principle, in act, and in substance, is all that is enduring^c in life. That part of truth which relates to action is law. Law knows no bounds of earth, it pervades the universe,

^bJohn 3:16; Doc. and Cov. 132:5; Heb. 11:3. ^cMatt. 24:35; John 1:1; Matt. 7:24-25; Doc. and Cov. 88:34.

and has its foundation in the bosom of God. It is his will. The rule that governs my act of tenderness to a fledgling is as much a part of it as the law of the freedom of man's mind. Neither extreme can be violated with impunity, and elementally there is no difference in them.

One thing that must awe our hearts profoundly, is the fact of the immeasurable energy of the Divine will. Does it have its origin in the command of this day, this hour, this minute? No, rather it is the operation of a force—self existent in quality, which prescribes at once every act and motion^d of life or substance. The orbs of heaven keep their course by it, the wild rose opens its petals by it, it flows forth from Omnipotence as from a supernal spring. Whether adapted to the limited intelligence of a Hottentot, or to the complex civilized mind, there is no difference in its virtue, the only difference is in its fulness. This energy applies the rules of intelligence to all creations of life.

As there can be no action without energy, there can be no law without power. Neither can there be power without truth. "Might is right" is a notorious statement, rejected by us as an unworthy political principle in these days, but true nevertheless in its last analysis, for Omnipotence is ultimate right because operating by the justice of God. The temporary eruptions, by which men and principles come to a brief "place in the sun," are merely muscular spasms of social and political bodies. The very spasm enfeebles, and death to the man or order must follow at last. Not so with fundamental might, it ever will be right.

The ability in the mind of man which enables him to recognize truth, is intelligence. That puts^e the light in the man's eye, the halo upon his forehead, the authority in his voice. In proportion as it is pure and undefiled it will glorify him. It illuminates the spirit of the man and shines forth upon the world. What nobler conception is there of God than this—that he has come to his place of might because he knows the truth. We cannot conceive of truth being created. It is the standard which runs upright through eternity^f and time, and which governs not only this earth's orbit, but the orbit of the heaven of heavens. It is the center of spiritual gravitation.

We note in our observation of things which surround us, that there is an orderliness in all the physical movements of the universe,—not that the earth moves upon command, or that winter comes at some behest, but rather that these are the re-

^dJob 38:1-41; 39:1-30; Doc. and Cov. 76:13, 76. ^eDoc. and Cov. 10: 70; 84:45; 93:29-36; I John 1:5; Matt. 16:17, 18; I Cor. 2:14; 1:21. ^fDoc. and Cov. 88:65; 93:24.

sult of a plan that requires such movement. Conditions being thus in the physical world, may they not be so in the spiritual, also? There can be no order without power to hold, to loose, to restrain, to direct. Apart from the unconscious stands the conscious where play the forces of principal^g intelligence. Here operate the spiritual laws which govern the conscious life as certainly as the sun is governed by physical law, but differing in this, that here truth is dealing with initiative and will, instead of with matter and space. There could be no law of obedience without the law of liberty. Obedience is voluntary conformity to law, and these two free agency and obedience, opposed^a yet harmonious, lie at the foundation of God's government.

Our philosopher's thought that every fault, every injustice, must ultimately in some way be remedied, is true. Not only is it true that "every secret is told, every crime punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed in silence and in certainty," but it is true also that man cannot disobey the demands of truth unless he assume the obligation to sometime pay the debt thereby contracted. That rule has a broader reach than the superficial theories that deal with our bodies and our mortal lives merely, it enters into our final relations^h with God; those relations, the result of a divine plan originated in man's behalf. There is no authority except in truth, there is no power of law except in authority. Herein lies the basis of that plan to save, and it will be found that in all the laws that govern the individual, there will be a perfect compensation, a perfect balance. If a man have liberty, he must obey. If a man would have, he must give. If there be a stern-faced justice presiding, yet is she influenced by that gentler deity, love. If a man have this world exclusively,ⁱ he "loses the next estate," and so on. There is, then, in life, the conflict of the two principles, opposed, yet necessary, for man's development; and man must despair but for some way to reconcile these laws. If there are higher laws than those we see in action around us daily, they have never been made known to us; for myself, I cannot believe that there are higher laws than Faith, Obedience, Justice, and Mercy, for by them, Omnipotence can act with full scope, but there must needs be a medium by which man may obtain the benefit that comes from them. There can be no results from a law but through the lawgiver. The law, as written upon the page of a book, is dead, except for the authority which stands behind it. The law is the word, there is one who speaks. There must be some master principle that connects us with the infinite powers. Such we must conclude to be the law of^j Faith, for by it we lay

^gJohn 1:1; Doc. and Cov. 76:13. ^a2 Nephi 2:10, 11, 12, 16, 26, 27.

^hIsa. 28:17; Matt. 16:27; Romans 2:3-10. ⁱMatt. 10:39; 2 Nephi 24.

hold of things otherwise beyond our reach. The mind acts by reason, the spirit acts by faith, the confidence the spirit has in the Master^k Spirit. Outside of faith, what evidence have we of the existence of God? Age old traditions, recorded statements of credible men, and evidence of the operation of super-human powers. These, good though they may be, are intellectual proofs merely, and may by the intellect be disputed. By faith, the medium between God and man, we are enabled to grasp^l the things of God, for the circuit of divine truth is established in us. By the Spirit of Truth, we obtain a spiritual knowledge^m of God. Did Emerson sense this fact, when he said, "our instinct is trust"? When by faith we begin to know the thingsⁿ of God, there begins then, the operation of the counter law; our knowledge of God makes us responsible to him. There follows the law of Justice. His love for us brings grace to us under the law of Mercy; we become debtor to him, and there follows the law of Obedience. Thus, in the chain of laws, is one link dependent upon the others, and "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." If one is broken the^o whole law is broken. If I obey not, having understanding, then shall I not have mercy for the laws are balanced, and Justice now stands guard. If I obey, then have I grace, the love of God, and faith to obtain. Thus, to man's free agency there comes the counter law of obedience. Free, yet restrained. "Take my yoke^p upon you," said God, "and you shall have rest unto your souls." Man is free by Divine fiat, but in servitude to correct principle by Divine law. In the great exchange of this life for future life, we^q barter obedience for everything that we have. Against each avenue that leads to treasures, a mighty sentinel stands guard. Would you be strong? obey the law of temperance. Would you be learned? give study and thought. Would you be wealthy? obey the law of thrift. Would you be spiritually minded? then tender purity of heart. So every man is bound by innumerable cords, and he finds at last, that liberty is obedience to righteous law, and that by this very restraint does he enter into possession of all things.

All men, whether they know it or not, are so governed, but by some this priceless formula is put to base uses. The carnal man gives his finer^r self, all that can live of him, for gold. The ambitious man barters his conscience, the elemental in him, for power. The libertine gives all but a worm-eaten husk, for pleasure. The things that these men purchase perish

^jJohn 5:24; James 2:18; John 3:36. ^kRomans 8:16. ^lI Cor. 2:10.

^mJohn 15:26. ⁿRom. 1:17. ^oJames 2:10. ^pMatt. 11:29; 2 Nephi 2:26.

^qDoc. and Cov. 130:21; 88:40. ^rGal. 5:19-21.

with them, and they give in exchange the only enduring^s things that they possess. Truly, we buy and sell, and everything that we have has its price attached. Supremely provident and happy that man, who, by the application of the commerce between God and man, purchases eternal^t things, the compensation not found in this life. Christ exemplified the principle. He bought us with a price, that price, *his life*. There was no other way, and so he said as a guiding^u rule for us, "He who will not give father and mother and life itself for my sake, is not worthy of me." He offered the wealth of eternity, all that he had, to the rich young^v man for all that he had. Eternal life is not cheap. We purchase it by the fiery elimination of the dross,^w the carnal, the selfish, within us, until we become as incorruptible metal.

By what matchless mercy has God given to us the means by which we may, by obedience to the higher law, mitigate the action of the lower! Thus men triumph over earthly things. In the ebb and flow of the tides between joy and sorrow, defeat and victory, life and death, we find the well poised soul^x resting always in the master law of faith. So long as he *believes*, what matters it what shall happen, for nothing can happen to him that is not eventually right. If he does not so believe, he does not understand God's law; knowing it, he may, if he will, lay hold upon the promise.

God is the giver of life. By what magic did he breathe into our nostrils that we became living souls? By the application of the knowledge of the law of life, merely. The breaking of the law is sin, it is death. The living of the law is life. Then may we lay hold upon life, if we will. He who brought Lazarus forth may bring us forth. "I am the resurrection and the life," said the Christ. He had life^y in himself. Life with him is a matter of will, for by obedience to the Father he has transcended the conditions of death. So shall we transcend death, when we become perfect in obedience, even^z as he.

Our philosopher has beautifully said that "all things are moral, that soul, which within us is sentiment, outside of us is law. * * * It is almighty, * * * It is eternal but it enacts itself in time and space." By this, he argues a universality of law, from the written word, and God said, to that "sentiment" that lies in the mind of man, or those "bright intuitions in which truth is sometimes revealed to us." Truth within us and outside of us is of one common origin. Outside of us, the whole; within us, the part. Intuitions are but sparks

^sEph. 5:3-6. ^tMatt. 6:20. ^uLuke 14:26; I Cor. 6:20. ^vLuke 18:22.
^wZech. 13:9. ^xRom. 2:7; Doc. and Cov. 90:24; 19:38. ^yRev. 1:18; John 11:25, 26. ^zHeb. 5:8, 9.

that fly from the friction of our experiences, when the individual spirit makes contact with universal light and intelligence. Who shall say that herein we have not an intimation of the application of those mysterious energies, which in their coarser forms we designate as electrical, but which in their finer forms may be God's medium with the earth. We are justified in indulging in such speculations, and if we grant them to be true, we should draw from them, not the false concept, that all physical things are unreal, but rather the conclusion that all physical and material things shall become spiritual, when we have entered into our ultimate relationship with the author of our lives.

"All things are moral." We agree that all things that God has made are right, that they conform and lend themselves to basic law, and are therefore moral; and who will deny that the "sentiments," or better said, the instincts within us, are the echoes of the outward law responding in our puny souls? If Emerson could have lived today, would he have said, "the true doctrine of Omnipotence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb?" In view of the knowledge of today, is it necessary for us to accept this explanation of the most stupendous and perhaps most vital doctrine of theology? Rather may we not accept this theory, which seems to be nearer and nearer to a patent fact every day of our advancement in science, that God is omnipresent, not personally, but by means of that controlling power^a that flows from the Divine Presence? that through that fact, there is always compensation, because God is always there, because the end appears even at the beginning; because the "whole appears wherever a part appears, and in justice the evil act cannot disassociate itself from its punishment." Thus our acts "arrange themselves by irresistible magnetism with the poles of the world," or, as I have heretofore expressed it, the standards of truth.

In these infractions of ours, which are compensated by some lessening of our moral stature or quality, has there been no one offended but our own better selves? If we murder, the hangman will lay hold upon us; if we steal, the sheriff will surely have us in custody; but is no one else offended by those acts whereby we break the spiritual law? Our philosopher has answered this for us, though unsatisfactorily. Said he: "We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy, and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the

^aGen. 1:2; Job 26:13; Psalms 104:30; Doc. and Cov. 29:30, 31.

malignity and the lie with him, he so far decreases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account." According to this reasoning, outside of those penalties inflicted by the officers of the civil law, every man has his punishment; and, *per contra*, by the same reasoning, his reward in and of and by himself alone. This eliminates in one huge generalization a great part of the fabric of theology. These things, the gospel holds to be true, that when we break a law, we do two things, we hurt ourselves, for there is a weakening of our spiritual fiber, and we offend the law. We have sinned against the order and dignity of heaven. We correct the weakness of the soul by the living of the law of life until we are healed and restored, and we remove the "malignity" by confession,^b and these two, form repentance, and without that, no man shall come forth sound in spirit and in body. Until that time, the "malignity" and condemnation following shall claim him.

On some logical ends of his subject Emerson did not essay to speak; indeed, he seemed to shun some intimations and instructions of scripture as not being necessary to his argument. The ignoble and sensual, in his opinion, pay the price here and now, though triumphing and laughing up to the grave's brink. What is to be the continuation of the compensation of those who live the law, we are left to conceive but dimly. Is it, as our philosopher says, "leave to pray and praise," or hereafter to have "bank stock and doubloons, venison and champagne?" Shall we ignore or spiritualize out of practical meaning the saying of the Master: "Blessed^c are the meek for they shall inherit the earth?" May it not be true as the preacher affirmed, that ultimate judgment is not executed in this world, but that there may be at some time a division of a spiritualized and redeemed earth to those eligible under the promise? "In my Father's^d house are many mansions," also said the Master; and added, as if to rebuke in advance those who might question the literalness of what he said, "If it were not so, I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you." So one who looks for rewards hereafter does not necessarily admit that he expects them in the form of champagne, gold, bank stocks or venison, but rather in the things that comport with the character that he presents at the bar; nor would such, in receiving the reward, have revenge on those who had run the gamut of illicit mortal success. Moreover, God has to certain splendid souls, from time to time, given his riches of eternity, fore-

^bI John 1:8, 9; Psalms 32:5; 38:18; Mosiah 26:29, 30; Ezek. 33:14-16; Luke 13:4, 5. ^cMatt. 5:5. ^dJohn 14:2.

shadowing here, amid the dross of mortality, the fine currency^e of the eternities. By these riches some men have, by command, straightened crooked limbs, and blind men have come to sight. By it, the past and future have been opened up until there has been no horizon to the illuminated mind. By it, all tongues have been made one, and expression and understanding common. The scales have been taken from the mind and eye, and men and women have become momentarily immortalized, all by those gifts of God that man could see, and feel, and hear. How paltry are doubloons and champagne to this!

Our preacher, or our philosopher, may not "summon the dead to their final tribunal;"^f there are some transgressions that go to a higher bar,^g unjudged of the world. This, however, may be found to be true, that man finds his retribution in the quality of the spirit that now goes into eternity. So the doctrine of compensation, obverse and reverse, or positive and negative, is necessarily broader than these generations of ours, and he who argues it must argue our future life. If this universal law of compensation still has hold of men, those who go with unsettled accounts into the future, but change the hour and method of accounting. The libertine has left his body to the worms; the king's crown has rusted on his bare skull, but they must pay their debts nevertheless.

Those simple-minded, straight-speaking men who wrote scripture, called compensation salvation, and retribution, damnation; but salvation to us moderns has a vague, uncertain meaning, and damnation smells of the sulphurous pit; but if our teeth can no longer ache, nor our limbs be racked with gout or rheumatism, have we by this ending of mortality, escaped? No; else is all this studious argument of our philosopher futile and vain, and the word of Scripture vain also. The spirit of the unrepentant sinner suffers corruption by his wickedness, just as his body suffers corruption, and must in some way be cured. If the alchemy of the earth cannot cleanse^h the body, which the scriptures assert, neither will the spirit be cleansed by its changed environment. He must pay the "uttermost farthing"ⁱ before he is purified. The evil man is weighted down by his load of debts. For him there is no progress 'till he pay them. What of the man who has been obedient to the law, when he comes before the bar? Whether God sat at the judgment seat or not would matter little, the Divine is uppermost in this fearless spirit. Let him pass on, and angels^j who guard the way shall make obeisance. This man has eternal life abid-

^eI Cor. 12:7-11; Acts 2:3; Isaiah 35:4-7; James 5:14. ^f1 Tim. 5:24; Alma 34:33-35; 40:22-26. ^gRev. 22:10, 11; 20:12; I Peter 3:20. ^hDoc. and Cov. 88:35, 102; John 5:29. ⁱMatt. 5:26.

ing in him, for he, like his Master, has been obedient. When these two spirits at the great command, shall take their bodies again, the one, a clean-limbed athlete, shall poise himself in his race with the gods, while the other shall, with futile effort drag his heavy feet along the way. The difference between them now is space—progress. This leaden-footed man can never reach his winged brother. Could there be bitterer punishment than this,^k that one cannot attain? This is damnation indeed, in comparison with which the fumes of sulphur would be as an Arcadian dream.

If it be true, as our reasoning asserts, that these sins of ours engraft themselves into the spirit and persist through the grave, what of that gentle doctrine^l of the grace of God and the mediation of Christ. With that question we come again to law. If I were fit to hazard an opinion as to the relative value that God places on man's strivings toward him in mortality, I would say that he values obedience more^m highly than any other one thing. Truly, "obedience is better than sacrifice." To the blind who can hear, it is better than sight; to the deaf who can discern, it is better than hearing; to the ignorant, it is better than learning, for we are all blind, and deaf, and ignorant. Into a world of perplexities, with a thousand hands beckoning us, the voice of God says, "listen to me." So, while we, blind and deaf and ignorant, break the law and fall into the ditch, there is held out to those who can obey, a splendid hope.

The abstract theories of philosophy, if followed persistently, must sooner or later come to something concrete; they cannot spend themselves in intellectual space; they must, if they be true, center at last in ultimate good. There is an order and authority somewhere to which they must attach, or they are lies. Until they shall so attach themselves, they are speculative yearnings merely. The ultimate is God, and these threads of thought must run to him eventually or nowhere. How futile to seek to trace these manifestations of will we everywhere see to unorganized and purposeless power. Shall we attempt to conceive that we are floating in an ocean of organless and functionless virtue and principle, or shall we assert that law originates in power, and that this power is embodied and manifested in Christ our Lord,—that he became theⁿ word, the expression of the Father's will—the Executive of the universe. One of old said: "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation." What is that but an authoritative generalization of principle resting in him who came^o to carry out the will of the Father?

The gospel plan sets one law to cure the effects of the

^jLuke 12:31, 32; Doc. and Cov. 132:19. ^kDoc. and Cov. 76:112. ^lJohn 5:24. ^mJames 2:18; John 3:36; Eph. 2:8; Matt. 7:21.

breaking of another. By disobedience^b to the law of life death came into the world. From death, man could not of himself escape. Then, so far as man's potency was concerned, the grave had effectually closed its jaws on him, and he must lie there. Justice, unmixed with any other element, has had its say, and any protest of man could not avail against the decree; but love in the heart of God asserts itself, and mercy provides^a the way for redemption. Is this a one-sided transaction by which God gives all and man nothing, for the mercy extended? Surely not, for then would justice be outraged, and mercy made a jest. He who through sacrifice wrought out the way of life, has every legal right to impose conditions of clemency. Now comes again the law of obedience which is the medium between justice and mercy. Justice says that all men, having inherited death through Adam, shall live again through Christ. This is the free gift of God to all—to saint and sinner alike; but man, being redeemed from death, is yet to be redeemed from his own sins. Men are as "prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward." "There is none good, no not one," and the souls of many are scarlet with their offenses against truth and law, but by obedience to Christ, the Mediator, all men may be cleansed from sin by the "washing of his word." Man is indebted on a personal account, and must "live by every word^r that comes from God."

In the presence of authority, one may not safely deal in generalizations. We reason that we may get to the basis of things within the range of man's knowledge. When we get there, God speaks. Back of him^s no man has ever seen, so we may not argue cause and effect with him; the chief function of man is to obey. But to obey, one must hear, and "how can he hear without a preacher?" to speak for God. Any man who has a message has the right to be heard, that he may prove his authority, if he have any, and there follows a fundamental obligation upon man that he shall listen. "Search the scriptures," it is written, "for they are they which testify of me." There is, then, the obligation upon man that he shall search; and to those to whom shall come no external warning, may come the warning of the conscience within him. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding," and no man is left entirely in the dark. Having heard the beckoning call to the light, it is man's duty, under the law of obedience, to face that way and follow, to the extent of his understanding; but that the complaint of man may be effectually stopped, God has said, that if any lack wisdom, he may ask him, and will not be denied. Obedience shall place us at the foot of Jacob's ladder, whereby, like the angels, we may ascend

^aJohn 1:1-10. ^bJohn 5:30. ^cGen. 3:22-24; I Cor. 15:22. ^dI Peter 1:18-21; Rom. 5:18. ^eDeut. 8:3; Luke 4:4. ^fLuke 10:22.

into the heavens. Though we begin very low, if we persevere, we shall ultimately come there. "Add to your faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness," these are steps. If after all these virtues and acquirements, we shall, like the rich young man, say, "what else, Lord?" and he shall repeat again his saying of old, "No man may enter my kingdom but by the baptism^t of the water and the spirit," who is there who shall gainsay him? To accept this, that baptism is the acceptable sign and proof of our faith, is the greatest wisdom.

Is compensation anything else but payment? If we have blessings today, tomorrow or in the hereafter for some self denial, some service, or some generous act, we are now, by these things that we do, bargaining, for some degree of spiritual^u wealth; but were one to tag his actions, day by day, as being of such and such value, they become utterly selfish, and the life has gone out of them. There must be altruism combined with our selfishness to preserve the quality of our acts. There is the scriptures, an appeal to our love of acquirement; the Lord's blessed promise on the Mount; and the statement of Paul as to the things that he saw "laid^w" up for those that love the Lord, are the things that are to come by the living of the law. In view of the various^w glories depicted, is it not logical that if we live the highest law, we can command the highest compensation? All that he has, he will give to those who serve him. We have the right to the selfish instinct, if selfish we may call it, that virtue and obedience bring honor and glory. It is a mere statement of fact, as that seed bears fruit or that money brings interest. God^x does not belittle himself when he demands the honor and glory that come by reason of his supreme merits. Power and glory are inseparably connected with the attributes of holiness. You cannot extinguish such a light, it is the original fire. Self interest takes on a different aspect now, since to do good brings the greatest award.

Of this we may certainly be sure: that compensation is unfailing. Whether in soul quality, or in some mansion house with deed from God, it is sure; and if the one, then the other, never fear. Would the Divine architect and builder give a palace to one who could not comfortably dwell therein? Clearly not, for then there would be a plain violation of law; but the man who labors for hire, with a song on his lips and a prayer in his heart, has money coming as well; so is he thrice enriched, he has his song, and prayer, and gold.

^tJohn 3:5. ^uMatt. 6:19, 20. ^vI Cor. 2:9. ^wI Cor. 15:41; 2 Cor. 12:2; Doc. and Cov. 76:81-119. ^xDoc. and Cov. 76:108; Matt. 28:18.



SNAP SHOT OF CHAPLAIN ROBERTS

As he appeared in his "pup" tent, while on a drill march with the 1st Battalion, 145th F. A. (1st Utah), in the California Mountains, 1918.

My Bear Story

By B. H. Roberts

A story for the Boy Scout issue of the *Improvement Era*, Mr. Editor? All right, I am at your service. Glad to do anything I can for the Boy Scouts, also for the *Era*; both institutions are very near to my heart, as you very well know. Besides it will be refreshing to hark back to the days when I had just escaped from my "teens;" for the story I am going to tell you has to do with that very interesting period of my life—an interesting period in every boy's life.

All right, Scouts, the foregoing is to and for the Editor of the *Era*, the rest of this writing, "My Bear Story," is for you.

It happened in the summer of 1877—forty-three years ago! The time seems so long ago now that it nearly takes one's breath away, and reminds him that he is fast becoming an old man. I had just completed a three-years' apprenticeship at the blacksmith's trade, in the little hamlet of Centerville, in Davis county, Utah. For some time I had experienced a restlessness under what I had come to regard as my period of bondage while learning my trade, and I had determined to break away from the shop at the very first opportunity. This came with the early

spring of the year named. For some years a company in Centerville had been running a cheese factory up on a tributary of the Weber river, in Morgan county, directly north some miles of Peterson, a station on the U. P. Railroad. Cottonwood was the name of the stream, and "The Dairy," as the factory was called, nestled in some irregular foothills on the long point which separates the Weber and the Cottonwood, before they sink into the beautiful valley at the head of the Weber canyon proper.

Farther back in the hills, two miles above the Centerville Dairy, a California company had been running a cheese factory on what, for the times, was a large scale. But the California company had been meeting for years with reverses of fortune. The business had been badly managed; and the man whom the company had brought from the East to run the factory, a very good cheese-maker, also, by the way, and a gentle, good man, too, had unfortunately become mentally unbalanced, and incapable of running the business except as directed by his good wife, one of the most patient and excellent of women. The misfortunes made the California company anxious to sell out their ranch, stock, and cheese factory, and the Centerville Dairy company became the willing purchaser, which so increased their need of hands that when it became known that the "young blacksmith," as I was familiarly called in those days, intended to break away from the shop, the manager of these now consolidated companies urged me to take employment with them and ride the range for them that summer. The offer had its attractions, among which was the fact that a dozen or more of the young people of the village—boys and girls of my own acquaintance—had been engaged for the summer for the same company, so that there was the prospect of merry times, song and laughter and joy unmeasured, things which, in those days, had their appeal. Then there was the promise of freedom and the big out-of-door life—the life I had always loved, and which, before apprenticeship days, was the life I had always lived. And so I accepted the employment to ride the range that summer of 1877.

The job yielded me all the pleasure I had anticipated. The days of April and May, and the days of all the summer months, were golden; and all the nights, sleeping in the open—for I scorned the bunk house—were glorious. In my earlier reading I had learned the names of some of the great, fixed, star groups, and somewhat their relations in space, and now I could mark their rising and progress across that great "inverted bowl" we call the sky, and marvel to my heart's content upon their beauty, and majesty and glory; with now and then a flashing thought upon the greater majesty and

glory of him who must have created them, his very handy-work. All this with the fresh mornings and thin sunlight tinting the snow-clad peaks of the Wasatch mountains; likewise the sultry noons of the mid-summer months; the frugal meal from the saddle bags, eaten in the solitude and the silence of the mountains while my horse, relieved of his saddle and bridle, cropped and munched the tender mountain grass with evident delight. Then there was the return to the ranch, the shouted welcome as one approached it, the jest, the courteous retort, the joy of being young, without being quite conscious that you were young, and not knowing really that that was the source of your joyful exuberance. Such the setting of my story.

Starting off early one morning, for what was to be a long day's ride in search of stray cattle missed from their accustomed range, I saw in the dusty road of the canyon, two miles above the ranch house, the tracks of what must have been a very large bear. They were sufficiently fresh to cause me to keep a sharp lookout for bruin himself, and I thought I noticed an unusual restlessness in the roan mare I was riding, which I attributed to her scenting the nearness of the brute whose tracks were so plainly visible in the road. These, after a bit, turned off from the road into a red willow swale on the right and I rode on up the canyon, a little relieved that I had not come up with the owner of the tracks.

An earlier find than I had expected to make of the stray cattle I was in search of, and an easy drive of them over a low divide to their accustomed range, enabled me to return to the ranch early in the afternoon. Riding down the canyon road, over which I had passed in the morning, I noted again the bear tracks and the point at which they came down from the hill-side into the road, from the left as one would face the head of the canyon. About a mile above the ranch house of the company for which I worked, and several hundred yards from the canyon road, was a strongly built stake and rider corral, made of quaking aspen poles. Indeed, the corral had been made in an aspen grove where the poles had been cut, some of the stumps unwisely being left standing at the height of from two to four feet. People from the valley settlements had made the corral into which they might drive their range horses, capture the ones they might need for work purposes, and turn the band loose. A few days before this bear incident, a band of horses had been driven into the corral for the above named purpose, when, in racing among the stumps, a two-year-old had struck on one of them, ripped out his entrails and died. Remembering this I turned from the road and went to see if bruin had not visited this carcass. My impression was right,

for there were plenty of bear tracks in the corral, and bruin had nosed about the carcass and ripped it wider open, and tore away the fleshy parts, though I could not see that he had eaten much, if any of it.

My reporting to the ranchmen what I had discovered during the day, created quite an interest, and led to a very general desire that the bear might be killed. Especially was this so with one member of the ranch force, one Alma Peterson, familiarly called "Al," and son of the man after whom the settlement of Peterson, in Morgan county, had been named. "Al" was about thirty-three, and an odd character in many ways; very interesting, however, because of the Indian stories he could tell us of early days in Morgan and Summit counties. The memory of his family, and his own, too, as I now recall it, went back to the days of Chief Wanship and Little Soldier and their bands, which were wont to range through these mountains of Wasatch and Summit counties, with an occasional visit from Chief Pocatello and other Shoshone braves from Idaho. Also "Al's" brother was the hero of a hand-to-hand fight with a wounded grizzly bear; and while the bear had been killed, Al's brother always carried the marks of the fight on his face and neck; and the flesh from his right shoulder had been cruelly torn away. Some of the glory of this fight, one way or other, seemed to be reflected upon Al.

Al was also interesting on another account; not because of his beauty of person, but contrary wise. He was among those few men I have met with who were ugly enough to be positively attractive. He was built on the ram-shackle order of loose, big-jointed men—tall, gaunt, with big hands and big feet. This frame was topped with a huge head, on which grew bristle-like hair with disposition to sprawl out in all directions—yet it knew no parting. All the features were large and ill formed—this was true of the big and spreading nose, the mouth, the large and outstanding ears; his face was badly marked from a severe case of small-pox, and the eyes so turned that you could never be sure in which particular direction Al was looking.

But for all this rough and uncouth exterior, one could not help liking Al; perhaps it was because the innate gentleness and patience, and the really sympathetic nature of the man was in such marked contrast with all the outside of him. At any rate, all at the ranch liked Al, and especially companionable did I find him to be.

Well, as I said before, the remembrance of Al's odd personality flashed upon me, he of all the ranch force was anxious to attempt the killing of the bear whose tracks I had seen, and pointed out how this could easily be done by several of

the men going to the corral wherein lay the horse carcass, and which would doubtless be visited again by the bear, and likely this very night. The party could lie outside the corral, and when bruin arrived and proceeded to amuse himself with the carcass, they could shoot him deliberately from their place of concealment, and with entire safety to themselves.

It happened that I was the only one to whom Al's plan of battle appealed, so about ten o'clock, when darkness had well settled over mountain and canyon defile, we took our departure for the scene of action, with many good wishes for "good luck" from the rest of the ranch folk. Half a mile from the corral we proceeded with utmost care lest we should startle the quarry, if he had already arrived at the proposed place of meeting, although it was our theory that very likely he would not arrive until towards morning. Silently we reached the corral. Bruin had not yet arrived, so we chose a point for our ambush nearest the carcass, and settled down to wait for our victim. Hours dragged their slow length along, but no sign of bruin's coming. After the passing of several hours, I fell asleep; so, too, I think Al did, but he always denied my guess. When I awoke, the stars in the east seemed to be growing brighter, and by that token I knew the dawn was approaching. "The thin, grey line that frets the east as herald of the day soon appeared, and gradually grew broader until day light was unmistakably coming down from the mountain, and Al was confident no bruin would now put in appearance, and so we slowly, and with our disappointment plainly visible, returned to the ranch to meet as best we might the gibes of our friends.

That morning, my day's ride took me again up Cottonwood Canyon and past the corral. A short distance above the ranch, and yet before coming opposite the horse corral, I was surprised to see bear tracks in the dust of the road, heading up the canyon, and from their size they must have been made by the brute whose tracks I had seen the day before, farther up the canyon. The peculiar bellowing of a cow, off in the direction of the creek bottom at the right, attracted my attention and I turned off to see what her distress might be, and though I found her in a wild state of excitement, and rushing here and there, wild-eyed through the thickets that fringed the creek, I could find no cause for her alarm, unless she had been startled by Mr. Bruin. The half remains of a young calf found a day or two later, was generally accepted as the cause of her alarm, bruin had killed and eaten part of it.

I followed the tracks up the road until they turned off on the side in the direction of the horse corral, and I traced them for a short distance through the sage brush up the hill-side.

A late start for my day's ride through the hills made it necessary to cut short the trailing and get on my way. Back into the canyon road, and well past the corral, I saw again bruin's tracks in the dust, and reached the conclusion that during the night the bear had come up the road after his depredation on our calf-corral, and having scented Al and myself at the horse corral—a thing he would most likely do, since a breeze came nightly down the canyon—he had merely walked around the corral and us and then come back into the road, and so to his daylight wallow in the willows.

I did not return to the ranch this day until after dark, and interest in the bear hunt seemed to have subsided. Discussing my report as to what was evidently bruin's movements during the night before, it was thought that the best plan would be to let him get to the horse-corral first and to its carcass, and then open fire upon him as before planned. But how to find out the time at which bruin would likely visit the carcass was a problem. It was the consensus of opinion that he would not go there before early in the morning, and some one suggested that the alarm clock might be set for about three in the morning and such "Nimrods" as might be disposed for the adventure could undertake it. Most of the ranch hands had no stomach for it. Neither had I, at that hour in the morning—three o'clock! and especially after the previous night's experience, its loss of sleep, and the long ride of the day. It was now about eleven o'clock of the night, and some remarked that bruin might even be at the corral now. "That is so," I responded, "as likely there now as at three o'clock in the morning. Al, let's go." "Alright," said he, and with that we picked up our guns and left the ranch. Al carried a breech-loading Ballard rifle, such as were once used by U. S. cavalry. I had an old Enfield rifle—a musket—in common use during the Civil War. I had bought it some years ago, and after cutting off a few inches of the barrel, had used it as a shot gun in hunting mountain hares, and geese on the Jordan bottoms. It was loaded literally for bear, however, on this occasion. I had put in fully two ordinary charges of powder, the regular Enfield slug bullets, two slugs cut from the end of a bar of lead, and some buck shot. It was a matter of good-natured banter at the ranch, among those who knew how it was loaded, as to which would be the most dangerous end of the gun when fired.

The night was intensely dark, the sky was over-spread by clouds, there was no moon, not a star could be seen. As we came into the canyon road, Al muttered something about a couple of fools going out on such a night hunting a bear—perhaps a grizzly! But then one does such things when he is

young—when he is twenty, else how would there be adventures?

On we went. We were approaching the corral, and left the road for the hill-side and the brush clumps. Cautiously we drew near, creeping slowly and breathlessly for silence' sake. A few rods from the corral we halted to listen beside a clump of bushes. I had dropped to one knee. Al remained standing. I heard what I thought was a movement through the bushes immediately above and in front of us. The air, or else I, was tense. Al laid a hand on my shoulder and whispered, "I think he is coming." "Be sure it's not a calf," I whispered back; for even now I thought of the possible ridicule to which we might be subjected, in the event of shooting a calf for a bear. Just then I saw an object move above the tops of the sage brush, and quickly raised the hammer of my gun. The loud click, click, of the hammer as it went to half and full cock startled his bruinship, and he rose to his haunches with a tremendous whoof! whoof! Two rifle reports rang out at the same instant, (though Al always contended that his barked a hundredth part of a second before mine roared). The shots were answered by such a mingled scream of fear, rage and pain as I had never heard before, and would not care to hear again. The huge form literally fell at our feet, or so close that I could have touched him with the point of my gun, and then bounded down the hill-side which here was rather steep. Bruin had landed in a clump of bushes and we could hear him crunching there as he twisted them off with his teeth in his rage and agony. His screeching had now lowered to deep, low growls. I noticed Al slip his gun through his hands, clubbing it, and then I remembered that on the way up he had remarked that he had forgot to bring any cartridges with him, so that he was limited to his single shot. So, too, was I; for I had not more than half thought we would meet bruin; then, too, my gun was muzzle-loading, and it was night. But noting that Al had clubbed his gun, made me sense that there might still be a fight, and the thought flashed through my mind that I could do better with my belt knife at close quarters than by clubbing my gun and so I drew the knife. By now the growls of bruin had grown fainter, but we could not see just where he was, nor judge the state of his helplessness; but Al at this moment spoke to me, still in a whisper, "Don't you think we had better get out of this?"

"You bet I do," was my prompt answer, and with that we sprang to the left, and a few leaps and bounds brought us into the road. Al's foot caught a root as we gained the road, and head over heels he went rolling. I remember thinking that it was well that I had not so fallen as I still carried my belt knife

in my hand, and might have been severely cut if I had so stumbled and fallen. The road gained, we stopped and listened for a while, but could hear no more of bruin's movements, and so went on to the ranch, where we detailed and discussed our adventure.

With daylight, all the male hands of the ranch went with us to the scene of the shooting; and there, sure enough, lying square on his back and all four legs straight up in the air was bruin, stark and stiff in death. An examination showed that Al's shot had passed through the lungs, while mine tore through the groin and hips of the brute—perhaps hitting him just as he sprang in the air—and rendering use of the hind limbs impossible. From the clump of choke-cherry bushes into which he had rolled after being shot, and which he had broken off with his teeth as if they were but straws, he had dragged himself by his front paws to the place where we stood when shooting, and there died.

Bruin was a large grizzly. I was accounted broad-shouldered in those days, but when I stretched myself at full length on the carcass, my shoulders between the brute's front legs, there were several inches between my shoulders and each foreleg—so broad was he across the chest. A drag-litter was formed with small quaking aspen poles and brush, onto which bruin was rolled, and dragged by lariats and ropes hitched to saddle horns, and so taken triumphantly to the ranch. On the scales he tipped the beam for more than five hundred and fifty pounds.

The only thing of value about him, at this season of the year—it was August—was his hide, and upon this, of course, Al and I had equal claims. It was decided that we would fix a value upon the hide, the half of which we would either give or take. The price fixed, I sold my claim to Al, as I felt that I could ill afford to buy. I have always regretted selling, however, for what would I not now give for that trophy of my young manhood days? But, during the summer on the range, the determination had been slowly forming in my mind to attend the then Deseret—now the Utah—University, for a year, at least, and this made it necessary to augment my savings through the years of my apprenticeship; certainly I could take nothing from my savings to buy shares in bear skins, while selling would add a little to them; and so I sold. I have always regretted the selling of the skin, however, and all the more so because of the bad use Al made of his bargain; for he sold the skin at a few dollars in advance of the value we had fixed upon to each other, and the man buying it cut it up into housing

for the harness of a pair of horses of which he was rather proud.

To such base uses do things noble sometimes come, Horatio!



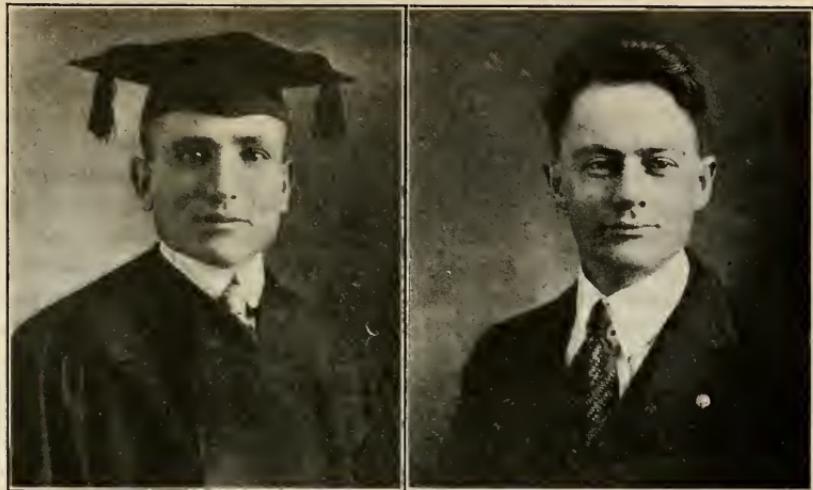
Sunshine or Shadow

Our life is what we make it,
In this world of joy and care;
And if we're hunting sadness,
It greets us everywhere.

Each day will grow more dreary,
Our lives seem less worth while,
And nothing will be worthy
Of e'en a kindly smile.

But, if we seek for gladness,
We'll find it every day,
No matter what our trials and cares,
'Twill drive them all away.

Then life will be worth living,
And joy will fill the heart,
And smiles will chase the shadows
And cheer to each impart.



*Giragos Avedian, B. S.,
U. A. C., 1920.*

*Archie Fay Barney, B. S.,
U. A. C., 1920.*

Two Boys who Tried and Triumphed

By M. C. Merrill, A. M., Ph. D., Horticulturist, Utah Agricultural Experiment Station

There graduated from the Utah Agricultural College, in June, 1920, two young men who dared to try under discouragement, and who gloriously triumphed. They proved that they have grit in abundance. One of them is Giragos Avedian, a penniless exile from Armenia, and the other is Archie Fay Barney, from Kanosh, Millard county, Utah, who was crippled at the front in the great war.

Young men of Zion, ye who have ambitions to make the most of your lives, listen to the thrilling and inspiring stories of Avedian and Barney, both of them men and heroes through and through.

Giragos Avedian was born in Armenia, that distressed, ravaged, and starving country that has excited the sympathy of the entire world and not the least, the Latter-day Saints. Both of his parents were killed in the massacres of 1895-96. He was then taken, as a mere child, to the Swiss Orphanage where he was able to secure an elementary and also a high school education.

During the Balkan war, of 1912, Giragos was drafted into the Turkish army. Not wishing to fight for the murderers of

his country, he ran away from the army and came to America in 1913.

He worked in New York for two years, saving his hard-earned money, and came to Utah in 1915, with the determination to study agriculture. Stopping in Salt Lake enroute to Logan, his room was robbed, and all his money was stolen.

But Giragos Avedian was not the kind of man to be thwarted and discouraged in his upward march of progress. He came on to Logan and secured work and enrolled in the Agricultural College in the fall of 1915. During the summers he worked in mines, in restaurants, on the railroad, and on farms, and saved his money to carry him through school in the winters.

It was a noble struggle, and the admirers of young Avedian's achievements are as numerous as those who know him and his story. He is now a college graduate and, with his added power and vision, he hopes to return to his beloved Armenia and help her solve the great problems calling for solution.

Archie Fay Barney was born at Kanosh, Millard co., twenty-seven years ago. His high school work was done at the Murdock Academy, at Beaver. Entering the Utah Agricultural College in the fall of 1914, he was a student here when the United States entered the great war. He was an able-bodied young man, poor in the financial things of life, but rich in a wealth of determination to get a college education. So Barney, like Avedian, worked in the mines at different times to get the means to continue his schooling.

Though he was a married man, with a wife and babe to support, he nevertheless enlisted in the service of his country and was assigned to the famous but ill-fated ninety-first division. Reaching France on July 29, 1918, he was held in the reserves for a time, and finally reached the front trenches on September 19. Holding that position for a week, the orders came to advance and rout the German machine gunners from their pestiferous nests.

It was while making this charge that a bullet struck him, entering his body through the left shoulder and injuring his spine. That injury made him a cripple, paralyzing his left leg. For twenty hours he lay wounded on the battle field before succor came, and for eleven months he was later an invalid in the hospitals of Europe and America. But yet that nerve-racking, debilitating experience did not daunt his courage or swerve him from his course. Through it all he remained determined to finish his college course.

So, crippled and maimed, but with the glory of life-giving service upon his brow, he came back to the A. C. campus and modestly, courageously, and without any ostentation plunged into his work in a scholarly way, winning numerous scholar-

ship honors and a place among the leaders of his graduating class.

Young men of the West, the spirit of Avedian and Barney is the spirit that wins. Ye who think that the securing of an education can remain only a dream for you, and can be realized only by the wealthy, let me urge you to read and re-read the inspiring stories of the two boys who dared to try and who triumphed.

Up, up, my young readers, and remember that any achievement still remains possible for the boy of clean body, strong mind, and determined spirit.

Logan, Utah.



BE KIND TO ANIMALS EVERY DAY

"True humane education means the teaching of habitual kindness to all; to human beings and to animals; the spirit of love and compassion which will overcome selfishness and hatred, and eventually put an end to war."—*Mary F. Lovell.*

"Apart from all questions of policy and interest the observance of mercy and kindness toward dumb animals is rich in pure, indefinable satisfaction. It blesses not only the lower being which is the recipient of it, but doubly him who practices it."—*Henry Bergh.*

"Every child should learn to love the woods and the fields, the flowers and the birds, and to call his horse and his dog his friends, and so add to his capacity for happiness a thousand fold."

The First Scout in Yellowstone

Sheltered in a beaver house, John Colter once escaped from the Indians. He is said to have been the first man to visit the Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming. He was one of the party of Lewis and Clark (1804-06), of which there were forty-five, and stayed in the wilderness when fourteen of the party returned with various reports and collections, in 1806. The Yellowstone Park has hundreds of active geysers, thousands



A black bear eating candy from the hand of a young lady in the Yellowstone National Park.

of hot springs—some of them covering areas of many acres; and the amount of boiling water ejected high into the air at stated intervals from the earth is almost incredible. The Park contains some of the most marvelous forces of nature—wonder-

ful springs and steaming mountains, lakes, canyons, rivers and water-falls.

In *Bradbury's Journal*, there is said to be the following story concerning Colter:

Colter and his companion named Potts were one morning



A waterfall on Fire Hole river, in Yellowstone Park. The park has an area of about five thousand square miles, most of it covered with forests of pines. The Yellowstone lake is a magnificent body of water with an area of 150 sq. miles, and the Yellowstone river, with its marvelous scenery and falls, has a drainage area of nearly 70,000 sq. miles in its thousand miles meandering.

ascending Jefferson Fork of the Missouri river. Each was in his own canoe, in which were several beaver traps which they intended to set at various points. The brush and high banks of the stream shut off view from the country beyond. Suddenly they heard a rumbling noise like the tramping of hundreds of buffalo. Potts insisted it was a herd of buffalo, but Colter thought it must be Indians. He was right, for within a



A Camp in the Yellowstone Park

few minutes, Indians motioned to them by the chief to come ashore, and they rowed to the bank. They quietly threw their traps into the shallow water, thinking that at some future day they might acquire them again. As the prow of Pott's canoe touched the bottom, an Indian seized his gun. Thereupon Colter grabbed the Indian, took the gun away from him, and handed it to Potts. Potts pushed back into the stream, but as he did so, he received an arrow in the thigh, which tumbled him into the canoe. "Are you hurt?" asked Colter. "Yes, too much to escape. Save yourself if you can," Potts replied, and continuing, said, "I'll get one of them, at least, before I go." He raised himself in the boat, and firing, killed an Indian.

His own body was filled with arrows almost immediately. The Indians ran into the water, grabbed his body and tore it to shreds before Colter's eyes. Meanwhile, the Indians tore the clothing from Colter, and he stood expecting every minute to feel the shot or blow that would end his life. The Indians held council, and it was decided to allow him to run for his life in the direction of the Madison river, five miles away.



OLD FAITHFUL IN ACTION

Old Faithful, located in the Upper Geyser Basin, in Yellowstone National Park, is so called because it has a regular discharge of steam and water at intervals of 64 minutes. One can rely absolutely on Old Faithful giving an exhibition every hour and four minutes. The stated intervals of activity have not varied in the memory of the oldest visitor to the Park.

Away he went, with the Indians after him. He ran for his life. After nearly three miles had been covered, he looked back and saw one Indian nearly up with him. He was bleeding at the nose, but as the Redskin came up, Colter begged in the Crow language for mercy. But the Indian aimed his spear at him and made a lunge; he tripped, and Colter, grabbing the spear, turned it on the Indian and killed him. The Indians soon discovered the body, and again furiously started out in pursuit of the trapper. But Colter was again too much for them. Reaching the willows, on the bank of the Madison, he spied a beaver dam, and knowing that only through a passage under the water could one get into it, Colter plunged into the stream, made his way through a narrow passage under the water to the beaver house, and there he sat, listening to the Indians walk over his very hiding place. It was a terrible moment. Would they smash the house in? Would they burn it? Colter stuck snugly to his hiding place, remaining under cover until night when, beaverlike, he ventured forth, he swam ashore and paused to get his bearings. He started off to the low mountain pass to the east, climbing mountains in order to avoid any prowling Indians that might beset his path. He went for eleven days through mountain defiles and over streams until at last he reached the fur trading post on the Yellowstone.

While he remained in the wilderness for some time, Colter finally returned to St. Louis and took up a farm on the Missouri. He died in 1813.—A.

The Storm Cloud's Kiss

A somber cloud, long tossed by winds of winter,
And doubting much 'twere summer anywhere,
By chance into a sun-steeped valley blustered,
And 'spied a white stoled lily growing there.

Her heart, pure white,—each petal shimmered white,
And white her memories, her twilight dream;
Then lo, the Storm Cloud doffed his somber shrouding,
And gave his love with Dawn's first rosy beam.

Some say, each petal blew a fresher fragrance,
That every leaf shone diamond bright with dew;—
Some say, his kiss was death,—a cold, cold, hailstone,—
I never could believe pessimists, could you?

President Anthon H. Lund

By J. M. Sjodahl

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; when the Lord shall come, and old things shall pass away, and all things become new, they shall rise from the dead and shall not die after, and shall receive an inheritance before the Lord, in the holy city." (Doctrine and Covenants 63:49.)

A prince in Israel, a great man, indeed, passed gently beyond our limited horizon, when President Anthon H. Lund, on March 2, 1921, followed the call of the silent messenger. His departure is keenly felt by associates and countless friends, as well as by the members of his family. But we rend not our clothes in mourning, as if death were the end. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." They are only resting after their day's labor in the service of God and man. And if they could speak to us, they would, perchance, say, in the language of the poet:

"Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken
Far above earth's span of sky!
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die."

And so we rejoice with our loved ones because they have passed from death to life.

President Lund's departure was peaceful, as the falling asleep of a sweet, innocent child. Some years ago he suffered from an internal ulcer, but he regained his health, apparently, and was able to attend to his numerous duties. A short time ago, however, the old trouble returned, and on Feb. 22, the symptoms became alarming. For brief periods he seemed to rally, but he grew gradually weaker. About midnight on Monday, Feb. 28, he suffered a great deal of pain, and after that he failed to rally, although he was conscious until half an hour before he passed beyond. President Charles W. Penrose and Elder James E. Talmage, together with members of his family, were at the bedside. President Heber J. Grant, who was in California, was promptly notified.

President Anthon H. Lund's life has been one of long, faithful service. Even a mere enumeration of the positions he filled in the Church and the State would occupy more space than allotted to this paper.

He was born at Aalborg, Denmark, May 15, 1844, the year, it will be observed, of the martyrdom of the Prophet, and the day of the month in which the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery, in 1829, were baptized and ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood. His mother having died, he was left with his grandmother, who bestowed upon him all the love and devotion of a mother, and gave him a good education, covering not only the elementary studies, but also some foreign languages—English, French and German.

Very early in life he began studying the Bible, and in addition he read all the good books he could obtain. The result was that when he heard "Mormonism" preached, he at once became convinced of its truth. One of the early converts, when Elder Erastus Snow, in the year 1850, opened the mission in the Scandinavian countries, was Jens Anderson, an uncle of Anthon H. Lund, and his grandmother was another. She was baptized in 1853, when the boy was only nine years old.

Anthon continued to study the history and doctrines of the Church. During this time he fought many a conflict with himself, owing chiefly to the persecution of enemies, that raged even in the school he attended, but his innate tact never forsook him, and he held a place in the hearts of both teachers and pupils, notwithstanding their hatred of "Mormonism." Nor did he discontinue his search for truth, and he was baptized on the 15th of May, 1856, when twelve years old.

A year later he was called to labor in the vineyard. His first duties were to teach intended emigrating Saints English, to distribute tracts, and to assist in holding meetings. He traveled without purse and scrip, but was always well provided for, though he had many thrilling experiences. At the age of sixteen he was appointed an elder and president of the Aalborg branch. In 1862 he emigrated to America, arriving in Salt Lake City, Sept. 23, that year, in Elder Christian A. Madsen's company.

Anthon H. Lund's life since his arrival in the Valleys of the Mountains has been one of constant usefulness and service. He first located at Fairview, Sanpete County, and then at Mount Pleasant, where he remained till the fall of 1870. He engaged in farm labor, and did whatever work he could obtain, at first. Presently he was called to Salt Lake City to learn telegraphy, and returned to Mount Pleasant to take charge of the telegraph office. While in the capital, he became acquainted with the late John Henry Smith and others with whom, in later years, he has been intimately associated in Church work. In the fall of 1870 he moved to Ephraim, having married, on May 2, of

that year, Sarah Ann Peterson, daughter of Canute Peterson, later president of the Sanpete stake.

In 1871 Elder Lund performed his first mission in the Scandinavian countries. On his return home, he became interested in the Ephraim Co-op., and was very successful in its management. In 1874 he was appointed a member of the High Council, and in 1877 stake clerk. In 1883 he left for his second Scandinavian mission, and succeeded Elder C. D. Fjeldsæd in the presidency. During his absence, he was elected a member of the Utah Legislature, and in 1888 he was re-elected. The Agricultural College of Logan and the State Industrial School, at Ogden, are monuments of his work in the legislative halls of the state. In 1888 he was also appointed vice-president of the Manti temple, and in 1891 succeeded Daniel H. Wells in presiding over that sacred building. At the October conference, 1889, he was called to the Apostleship. In 1893 he was appointed president over the European mission. In 1897 he went on a brief mission to Palestine. Since April, 1900, he has been superintendent of the Religion Classes, and in August, the same year, he succeeded Elder Franklin D. Richards in the office of Church Historian. In 1901 Elder Lund was called to the position of second counselor in the First Presidency, and at the demise of President John R. Winder, March 28, 1910, he was appointed first counselor. In 1911, President Lund was made acting president of the Salt Lake temple, and in 1918, at the death of President Joseph F. Smith, president; and also president of the Council of the Twelve.

President Lund's work was not confined entirely to his Church duties, though these were always of first importance to him. At the time of his death he was president of the L. D. S. University, regent of the University of Utah, president of the Amalgamated Sugar Company, vice-president of Zion's Savings Bank, vice-president of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, vice-president of the Utah State National Bank, vice-president of the Inland Crystal Salt Company, vice-president of the Utah Savings & Trust Company, and president of Snow Normal College. And he performed every duty imposed upon him with exceptional ability, faithfulness, and, withal, with the genuine humility and gentleness that are the characteristics of a gentleman and a true Latter-day Saint.

The writer once having the privilege of an intimate conversation with President Lund, asked him: "What has been the leading principle by which your life has been guided, and to which your success may be attributed?" To which, after a moment of deep thought, he replied: "I have always endeavored to find out what is right and then to do it."

In that answer is summed up a lesson which especially the young people of the Church may draw from the life of the late President Anthon H. Lund. For by a life guided by that principle he, in the words of Paul, "being dead, yet speaketh." (Heb. 11:4.)

President Lund leaves his widow, Sarah Ann Peterson Lund, six sons and one daughter: Anthony C. Lund, head of the vocal department of the L. D. S. School of Music and director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir; Judge Henry C., former judge of the Salt Lake City court, civil division; Dr. Herbert Z., for the past fifteen years a physician of Salt Lake City; Othniel R., of the Northwestern States Mission, now at Portland, Ore.; August William, assistant Church historian of the L. D. S. Church; Cannon, recorder in the L. D. S. Church office; Mrs. Eva Lund Barnes, wife of Herbert J. Barnes of Kaysville.

The funeral services were held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, March 6, where loving and eloquent tributes to the character and life-work of the departed Church leader were offered in the presence of an audience that filled the vast building to its utmost capacity. Thousands upon thousands passed by the flower-covered bier and looked for the last time, this side of the veil, upon his noble features, which still seemed expressive of peace, love, and sympathy; so gently, apparently, had they been touched by the hand of the angel of death. Music and song thrilled the hearts with visions of the glories of spheres beyond, and flowers in profusion spoke with thousand tongues of the beauties and joy of the resurrection day. Over all hovered the holy Spirit of peace.

The speakers were: Nephi L. Morris, president of the Salt Lake stake; Dr. John A. Widtsoe, president of the University of Utah; Charles W. Nibley, presiding bishop; Brigham H. Roberts, assistant church historian; Joseph Fielding Smith, vice president of the Salt Lake Temple; James E. Talmage and Orson F. Whitney of the council of the twelve; Charles W. Penrose, second counselor to the first presidency, and President Heber J. Grant, who presided at the obsequies.

Professors Edward P. Kimball, Tracy Y. Cannon and John J. McClellan, in turn presided at the organ, Mr. McClellan playing the organ music required for the services. Raymond Williams and the choir rendered the great song of songs, "O My Father," and Professor Willard Weihe gave a beautiful violin selection characteristic of his inimitable mastery of his instrument. James H. Nielson sang a tenor solo, from Mendelsohn's "Elijah." Professor McClellan rendered "Nearer my God to Thee," with his usual artistic soulfulness and unsurpassed technique. President Louis Anderson of the South San-

pete stake offered the invocation, and Bishop F. S. Tingey of the ward in which President Lund lived pronounced the benediction.

The funeral cortège, comprising more than fifty automobiles, moved from the Tabernacle, passing out from the west gate of the grounds to South Temple street, east to E street, thence to Third avenue, east to N street, north to Fourth avenue, east to the city cemetery. Leading was the First Presidency, the council of twelve, first council of seventy, and the various Church and business organizations with which President Lund had been identified.

The six sons of President Lund, Anthony C., Henry, Herbert Z., Othniel R., A. William and G. Cannon, were the active pall-bearers. The honorary pallbearers were the council of the twelve, all of whom were present except Reed Smoot and George Albert Smith.

The Elite quartet, James H. Neilson, Hyrum Christiansen, August and Henry Glissmeyer, sang at the grave, "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken." Elder Rudger Clawson dedicated the grave.

And Something Did Happen

By Joseph B. Musser

"If something would only happen to break the monotony, I wouldn't mind it so much," said my companion as we trudged along the twenty hot miles of black lava road that lay between Pahoa and Kapoho; "I wonder if we are on the right road. I haven't seen a house for the last ten miles, and we must have walked at least fifty since this morning."

Traveling without purse or scrip necessitated our walking most of the distance between the towns of Puna, and this day had been an exceptionally hot and oppressive one, even for Hawaiian mid-summer. The character of the road over which we walked did not improve our dispositions, as it was merely a strip of broken fragments of lava, leveled with sledge hammers and finished off with a steam roller. The sharp points projecting upward made walking anything but pleasant.

"Well, let's stop here and rest up a bit before we go any farther," said I. "It's a beastly hot day and this soda water will taste good even though it is warm."

We sat down under a small tree which grew near the roadside, one of those few hardy pioneers of freedom which had

succeeded in pushing its way up through the layer of solid rock, deposited some years before by an eruption of Mauna Loa. Here we refreshed ourselves by eating some whortle berries, picked from the roadside bushes, and drinking the contents of our soda water bottle.

"I'm mighty thankful that it's lemon this time," my companion began, "do you remember that awful red strawberry flavor we got at the Japanese store yesterday? I'd rather die than drink that kind again, but warm lemon isn't half bad. The warmer it is, the less it tastes like anything. I remember those fountains on the streets at home—gee, I'm sorry I ever passed one by without taking a drink,—and my mother had an ice box on her back porch where you could always find—"

"Let's be going," I broke in, "we want to get there in time to arrange a meeting and find a place to sleep if possible. Besides, the less we think of ice boxes right now, the more contented we'll be. We'd better get something in mind to talk about tonight."

The newness of missionary life was beginning to wear off for my companion, and we talked of things of more present interest to us than home comforts, as we made our way along the road.

The particular section of trail over which we were then traveling, was a sort of dugway cut around the point of a small hill. On our right, the face of the hill rose perpendicularly from the road and was covered with small shrubs and ferns, while on the left, the lava with its grey moss covering, sloped gradually away toward the distant beach fringed with cocoanut palms. This extent of lava was of the a-a or rough variety, and the treacherous seams and cracks which had formed in it as it cooled, were only imperfectly hidden beneath the lantano bushes and small, low growing ferns. So rough, indeed, is this kind of lava that both man and beast know from experience that to leave the road is almost certain to mean disaster, in the shape of broken bones or cuts and bruises.

We had involuntarily quickened our pace as we rounded this point, for from the other side of the hill, we expected to get our first glimpse of Kapoho. As we reached the narrowest point of the road, we heard the beat of horses' hoofs, and round the curve of the hill, just in front of us, a Hawaiian cowboy came galloping. His horse had evidently been hard-ridden, and both horse and rider were covered with sweat and dust. Upon seeing us, he let out a whoop of surprise and consternation, and with wild gesticulations and a volley of broken English, warned us to get off the road. We had no time, however, to remonstrate with him, or in fact, to collect our thoughts, before

another horseman came dashing round this same curve, closely followed by a huge, red bull. He was one of those wild mountain fellows with sharp hoofs and terribly long horns, and had evidently been taken alive by these cowboys during a hunt. Mad with rage, he was trying to shake from his horns, the thin rawhide rope, by which he was secured to the saddle of his captor.

We leaped for the side of the road just as his red eyes caught sight of us. With a bellow of rage from his frothing mouth, he lowered his head and made for us diagonally across the road. The horseman dashed past us in an effort to pull the creature by the place where we stood, and I, with no other thought in my mind than a wild determination to get out of the beast's path, left the road and, jumping from one jagged point to another, succeeded in reaching a small kukin tree, behind which I stationed myself. I turned, expecting to see my pursuer right behind me, but imagine my relief upon seeing him jerked violently from his feet and sent sprawling on the sharp points of lava at the road's edge.

As he disappeared around a bend in the road between his two captors, I turned my thoughts to my companion, whose head I presently saw protruding from a pit into which he had fallen as he left the road. After extricating him and finding him unhurt, except for a few scratches, we fixed the rend in his trousers with a stick and prepared to resume our journey.

"Boy! what if that rope had broken?" he said.

Winter's Song

Sing, Mr. Winter,
Of fires warm and bright,
Sing of the loved ones
Sheltered from the night—
Loved ones safely home again
Dreaming of the light.

Sing, Mr. Winter,
Let the chorus ring;
The home lights are beaming,
The ships of mem'ry bring
Bales of summer ecstasy and dreams
Of bursting Spring.

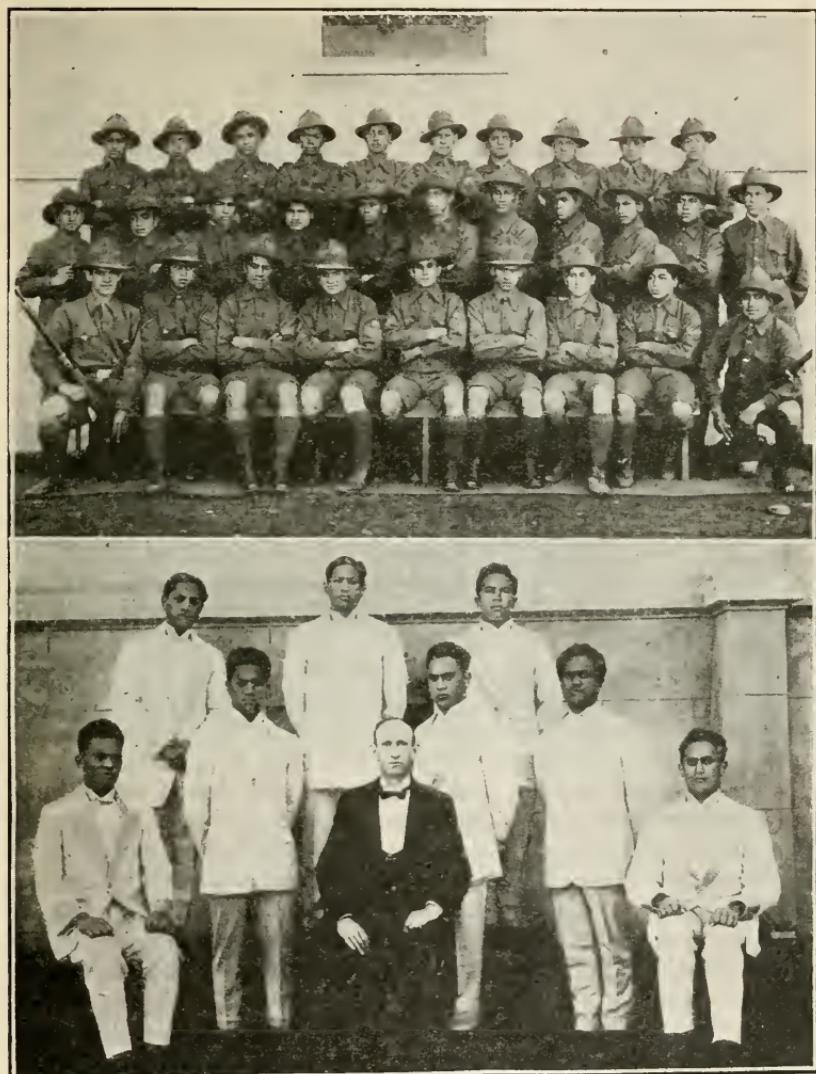
Educating the South Sea Islanders

By F. Earl Stott, Principal of the Latter-day Saints' Maori Agricultural College

The elders and sisters of the Latter-day Saints Maori Agricultural College conference of the New Zealand mission send their greetings from the South Seas. We appreciate greatly the inspiration and information that come to us each month within the covers of the *Era*. I enclose, herewith, a group picture of the Maori Agricultural College cadets of 1920. These boys are placed in the hands of training officers of the New Zealand Defense Department, for military drill, on our campus, every Thursday afternoon during our school year. Our M. A. C. cadet group, all of whom are observers of the Word of Wisdom, will make splendid soldiers for this Commonwealth, if duty ever calls them to the colors. For the last three years they have been the winners in marksmanship in competition with a large number of other cadet organizations in the Hawke's Bay District. It is intensely gratifying to observe how these young natives—many of them descendants of man-eating grandsires—respond to the force of a wholesome educational environment. We are giving the boys almost as wide a variety of subjects in school as the average high school boy gets in our schools of Utah. Many of them show a particular aptitude for such subjects as penmanship, drawing—especially cartooning—woodwork, and music. I am enclosing a picture of a double quartette, selected from our male voice choir, which has been invited to sing on a number of occasions before large audiences. The following words of appreciation appeared in one of the daily papers, the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, after our boys had responded to sing at a benefit concert, in the large Municipal theater, at Napier: "The last item of the first half (New Zealand entertainments are usually divided by an intermission of five minutes) was undoubtedly the best on the program, for the M. A. C. Glee Club are a host in themselves, their popular song, 'Just Smile,' taking greatly. The Maoris are to be thanked for the great support they had given the Miteys (Concert Company) in various ways."

Our young men also have a valuable training at the College in Church activities. We have a fully organized Y. M. M. I. A. all the officers of which, except the class leaders, are chosen from the student body. The officers of the Sunday school, ex-

cluding the superintendent and teachers, are also students. Such experience fits them for useful leadership in their native villages. It may be of interest to the reader to know that we have



The Maori Agricultural College Cadets, and below, the Glee Club

Samoans, Tongans, and Tahitians, as well as Maoris, in our school. I wish you success in the noble work of Mutual Improvement.

Hastings, N. Z.

A Landmark of Pioneer Days

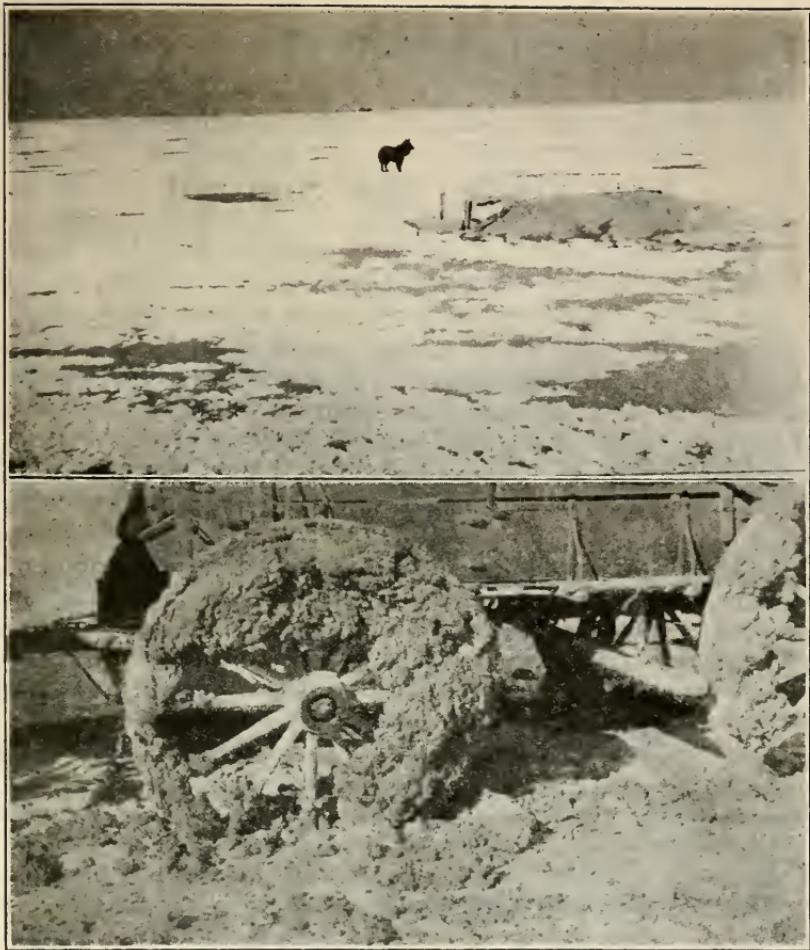
By Frank D. Adams

These pictures will probably illustrate a tale of hardship and suffering endured by some immigrant on his westward journey across the American Desert.

The old storm-beaten wagon bed shown in the top picture lies on a barren stretch of desert several miles east of the Nevada line and south from the present course of the Southern Pacific railroad. It rests beside the immigrant trail which, in early days, led from Salt Lake City, through Grantsville, then in a northwesterly direction to the present site of Wendover, Utah, and thence on its meandering journey to the Pacific. This wagon-bed landmark of pioneer days is remembered by sheepmen who traveled over this desert in the early '70's; no one seems to know how many years it had been there prior to that. The platform on the left made it convenient in entering the wagon and also alighting. This projection extended almost to the "doubletrees." The wagon-bed has traveled many a hundred miles, for the standards which hold the bed in place have worn more than half way through its sides.

One may wonder why this necessary part of a wagon was left in such a forsaken and desolate place. My theory is this: The oxen which had drawn this wagon for weary weeks and months, on their westward journey, had lost the greater part of their strength and brawn, and in crossing this desert waste both wagon and team became hopelessly mired in the sticky, clinging alkali mud. The driver had fallen far behind the base of Newfoundland mountain, where water, grass and wood were obtainable, but between himself and the night's camp ground lay, as it were, a vast sea of mud. He became desperate, darkness was approaching, his load was too heavy for the weakened oxen; so, as a last resort, the wagon-bed was removed, the necessities of life were bound to the running-gears, mud was shoveled from the wheels; thus, with a minimum load, the oxen and immigrant party plodded wearily onward.

The accompanying photograph, below, will support my theory to a certain degree, for it illustrates how this same desert mud clings to the wagon wheels of the present day traveler. The wagon with the desert mud clinging to the wheels is the commissary wagon belonging to the Adams Sheep Outfit, of Layton, which outfit recently crossed the desert where the aband-



On the Great American Desert

ened immigrant wagon-bed, shown in the top picture, still remains. The wood of the abandoned wagon-bed is remarkably preserved by the salt and alkali which it has absorbed during the many years it has lain there unprotected from bleak winter winds and the burning rays of the summer sun. The dog in the central background was used in caring for the sheep. It is perfectly level where he stands. On the distant horizon can be seen the outline of a camp and horses which were accompanying a herd of sheep across the desert, in 1920. Alkali storms frequently sweep this desert during the hot summer months, which fact accounts for the mound on the right. The white alkali surface of these vast stretches of mud is deceiving to the eye, and are also entirely barren of any form of life, being as level as the surface of the Great Salt Lake on a calm day.

Layton, Utah

Just Under the Summit

By Jay Y. Tipton

One of the chief silver mining towns in the west lies on two sides of a road, the bottom of a long, narrow gulch. At the upper end of town the road leads gently up until it surmounts the top of a ridge. From this point it descends, straight as an arrow and narrow as a city sidewalk, in a long, steep decline, bringing up at a turn and trailing off in a winding, level country road.

Looking down from the point where the road surmounts the ridge, one inevitably would be struck with the dangerous character of the descending road. To one side a precipitous cliff rears itself; on the other side the cliff continues some five or six hundred feet in a dizzy drop. Great jagged rocks jut out from the face of the cliff, both above and below.

On a summer day, such as this, a person surely would have paused at the summit of the ridge to look about at the scenes which greet the eye from this point. And if, perchance, one's eyesight were exceptionally good, one would have seen, away off down the twisting, level, country-trail, leading to the Dugway Road, a cloud of dust moving along with the breeze. It would have taken very good eyesight, indeed, to distinguish the cause of the cloud of dust.

Shortly, however, the cloud floated off and dissolved in the summer atmosphere. The vehicle that had caused it had reached the bottom of the long ascent up the Dugway road, the surface of which was so hard it yielded no dust. By this time an observer, had there been one, would have been able to make out the nature of the conveyance. It was an automobile; the kind so well advertised from one end of the country to the other by all manner of jokesmiths.

An observer of more than passing knowledge of automobiles, and the hills they can successfully negotiate, would have wondered how the little car was going to reach the top. Surely its driver was not very considerate of his car, or, maybe it was a borrowed one. Most assuredly he was not familiar with the country thereabouts, or he must have known that there was a much better road further around the hills to the north, a road that was not only of easy grade but the surface of which was

always in excellent condition, as a result of the care given it by the state, and the amount of traffic it accommodated. Nobody ever took the Dugway road since the new road had been completed.

Notwithstanding the adverse conditions, the little car came steadily up the narrow, steep road. When about fifty yards or so from the crest, near enough for an observer to have easily determined that its only occupants were two young boys, it began to act strangely. Probably it was protesting, in its inanimate manner, at the harsh treatment it was receiving. At any rate it stopped. Suddenly! So suddenly that it began to roll backward before the brakes could be brought into use.

"Now, isn't this just our luck?" cried the young chap at the wheel. "Get stalled on a hill like this, when we're already an hour late! What will dad say?"

"What d' you s'pose is matter with 'er, Cal?" said the other boy, who, by his appearance, was about a year his companion's junior.

"Don't know," replied Calvin. "Suppose it's just the nature of the beast. Get out, Curt, and block up a wheel. This emergency brake's a joke."

Curtis did as he was told. Then the other lad also got out, lifted up the hood and began to tinker with the engine.

"Got 'nough gas?" asked Curt. He always spoke as if speech was an effort to be avoided as much as possible. Whenever he could he chopped off the prefixes or the suffixes, and sometimes the middles of his words. "Jes' so folks get y'r meanin'," was his oft expressed attitude on the necessity of speech.

"Gas! Sure we've got enough gas. Didn't we put in three gallons back there at that what's-its-name burg?" Cal retorted sharply.

If an observer had been watching and listening from the summit of the hill he certainly would have caught the tone of petulant annoyance in the speech of the boy known as Cal. It was not missed, either, by Curtis. Most obviously the older boy was in no mood for pleasantries. Had there been a quarrel between the two traveling companions? Or was Calvin merely aggravated by the forced delay while he determined and remedied the cause of the sudden stop of the car on the long, steep hill?

"If you hadn't insisted on coming out here in this forsaken country on such a fool errand, there wouldn't have been all this trouble," said Calvin, his face flushed as he looked at the other. "I can't find what's the trouble with this dinged thing."

"Why, Cal!" said Curt, in some surprise. "You wanted to come 's much 's I did."

"Did not," flashed back the older fellow. "Lot of nonsense, coming way up here just to see a crowd of crazy campers. Hot day like this, too. Ought to have stayed home and sat in the shade."

"Thought you knew the country 'round here like a book," Curt remarked, teasingly. "Fine road you picked out."

"Aw, shut up. Fine mess we're in. Dad said to be home before dark. Wanted to use the ol' tub himself tonight. And we've got a swell chance to make it at this rate."

"Turn 'er 'round an' coast back down the hill. Try other road," suggested Curt.

At this Calvin said nothing. As a matter of fact, this same idea had popped into his head, but he had delayed suggesting it. Now, if he acted on it, it would seem as if he were following the lead set by Curtis, and his nature balked at this. He was one of those high-strung boys, possessing a fine intellect, it is true, but who can't endure to see anyone else assert leadership in even the most trifling matters. So Calvin said nothing, but went on trying this thing and that in an attempt to locate the cause for the car's refusal to function.

He measured the gasoline in the tank with a measuring stick, and found there was approximately two gallons left. Then the thought occurred to him that probably the small pipe leading from the gas tank to the carburetor was clogged. He spent a precious half hour disconnecting this, only to find no trace of foreign matter in it. Another half hour was consumed in replacing the gas line.

"Come on," Cal ordered. "Let's turn 'er around and coast down the hill. Plenty of gas, but it won't feed up to the motor on this grade."

Together the boys set about the task of turning the car around. Anyone located at the summit of the ridge, some fifty yards above them, would have been quite apprehensive about the success of this maneuver. As already pointed out, the road was very narrow, scarce wide enough to permit the passing of two vehicles, even if the utmost care were exercised. The cliff frowning above, and the abrupt chasm yawning below lent a risk to any such enterprise as turning an automobile around, that would have given considerable pause to men of more mature judgment.

But the young fellows were desperate. This was the last resort, unless they wanted to spend the night on the hill, and, even if they did this, morning would bring no greater promise

of an outlet to their dilemma. So they set about the task of turning the machine's head down the hill.

Cal's temper had not improved with the passing time. He chafed at the lateness of the hour—the sun was just sinking behind the ridge and there was a twenty-mile drive from this place to his home, a drive that must be accomplished before dark.

"I'll get in and steer her," said Calvin, "and you push when I say ready."

"Righto," Curt answered.

At this point in the proceedings, a conscientious observer would have interfered. He would have seen the danger of the move the boys were about to make. He would have been willing to stake almost everything he possessed that the car would roll off the road, down the five or six hundred feet of jagged chasm below, carrying with it one of the boys, if not both of them. For Cal, in the car, had twisted the front wheels around so that, when started, the car would describe a quarter turn backward toward the brink of the Dugway. This move would have been most certainly interfered with by an observer with any sort of a conscience. But it happened that there was no observer present, either with or without a conscience.

"All right," said Cal. "Steady. Push 'er a little now."

Curt did so, and Cal, with foot on break lever, eased the car back until the rear wheels were within a foot or two of the edge. Then he brought it to a stop, twisted the steering wheel the other way and motioned to Curt to push the machine forward.

In this way, after two or three backward and forward moves, the car was turned halfway around. Its head now faced the cliff above, its rear overlooked the chasm below.

"About two more tacks and we'll have 'er done," said Cal. He was too busy just now to indulge in sarcastic or ill-tempered remarks.

"Yeh," was all the reply that came from the perspiring Curtis.

Curtis gently applied force to the front end of the car, to push it back two yards or so while Cal guided it. But the car remained steadfast, even when Curt increased his force.

"Well, come on. A little muscle there!" cried Cal, impatiently. "Don't go to sleep on the job."

Curt said nothing. A fair-minded observer standing on the summit of the ridge above them, would not have blamed Curt for then and there quitting and leaving Cal to extricate himself as best he could. It is never a pleasure to work for a person who doesn't appreciate our efforts. And this applies

to everyday work as well as to the work incident to pleasure trips.

Curt didn't go to sleep on the job. Smarting under the lash of Cal's last remark he put his shoulder to the wheel and exerted a mighty effort. The car stuck for an instant, then, all of a sudden it loosened and began to roll slowly toward the brink.

Cal pressed his foot on the service brake. It yielded, but had no effect on the car's motion. Cal became frightened. The brakes were failing. What now would stop the car from rolling on, over the terrifying brink of the chasm? Cal thought of jumping. Too late! The car had only a yard to go. He thought of prayer, and letting go the steering wheel, he lifted his eyes to the heavens and silently, with trembling lips, made his plea.

Curt was quick to see the plight of his friend. He, too, became frightened, unspeakably frightened. His face paled to the color of the gray shale on the road. He looked about, in a flash, for a stone to wedge under a wheel. One came to his gaze, but it was too far away. The car moved steadily, maddeningly on. What would stop it?

Nothing, thought Curt. He was about to turn his face from the sight that was about to meet his eyes, the sight of his friend being carried to oblivion. But it is just as such times that a little spark of intuition will come, just a little idea, God-sent inspiration. It came then to Curtis. With its coming to his frantic mind, came also the impulse to action.

One jump, and he was beside the front wheel of the car. A slide, and his legs were under the wheel. The tire came down on his thighs with a slow, increasing pressure. The momentum of the car carried it on. Curt wondered if it ever would come to a standstill.

It did. As a matter of fact, it stopped very shortly after Curt's slide. His trousers were in shreds. His skin smarted where it had been scraped raw over the shale road. But the car was stopped.

Calvin got out, still shaking and trembling like one with the palsy. Without a word he picked up a stone and wedged it under a wheel. Then he came over and helped Curt to his feet.

No word was spoken. Curt hobbled up and helped Cal push the machine back on the road a safe distance. Then he removed the seat and unscrewed the cover of the gas tank. Placing his lips to the hole he blew air into the tank. Cal understood, turned the crank, and, in a few seconds the engine was chugging merrily. Curt's lung power had forced the gaso-

line up into the carburetor, acting on the same principle as the force-feed systems on most of the larger cars today.

An observer, standing on the summit of the ridge, wouldn't have failed to notice the change that had come over the chap who was driving, the lad known as Calvin, as they passed over the top and began the gentle descent into the silver mining town on their way home. Kindness had taken the place of annoyance and harshness in his features. Kindness also crept into his demeanor and his voice, when, after some miles had been traveled in silence, he said:

"Curt, old scout. I—I just can't say much. But you know what I'm thinking. Give me your hand, Curt."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Bravery Medal to Boy Scout

Early in February, 1921, Harry C. Harper, 17 years of age, a charter member of Salt Lake Troop, number 51, Boy Scouts, was awarded a bronze medal by the National Court of Honor because of his courage and quick action in saving the life of five-year-old Ernest Bourne, son of E. Leroy Bourne, of 561 5th Ave., Salt Lake City. The heroic act performed by the scout took place March 21, 1920, near the Harper home, when the little boy, alone in his father's automobile, loosened the breaks, and started the machine towards the embankment. The child frantically screamed to stop the car. This was heard by Harper who rushed from the front yard of his home, mounted the running board of the car and succeeded in stopping the machine just as it reached the edge of the embankment where it balanced for a moment on two wheels. Had it gone a few inches farther, both boys would doubtless have been crushed to death under the wreckage of the car. Harper graduated from the West High School last June, and has many credits for splendid work in Troop 51. During the war time he sold \$5,300 worth of war saving stamps and was presented with an Ace medal, with five silver palms, for his exceptional success. The medal awarded him is accompanied by a letter from Chief Scout Executive of the United States, James E. West, who highly commends the lad for his courage and reminds him that he is one of the few persons to whom the medal has been presented.

Hopi Legends

By C. L. Christensen

[Elder C. L. Christensen, in transmitting this exceedingly interesting story to Elder Anthony W. Ivins, in his letter says, in part:

"Enclosed find a brief story as told to me in many interviews with Elder Tuba, a faithful member of the Church. He was truly a good, clean man, and no doubt of royal descent, as he was always dignified in his bearing. He lived with my family for three [years] and a half, after his wife, Co-chee-ni-men, had left him for a younger man, as related in the story, which I have taken great pains to write as it was given to me."

Mr. C. L. Christensen, is a life-long missionary among the Indians, and his labors cover a wide range of thrilling experiences.—*Editors.*]

In the year 1880, Elder Tuba told me the following story:

When the United States declared war on Old Mexico a fleet runner came from the east, carrying a white flag. He proved to be the bearer of good news, to the effect that there were "Mormon" soldiers at old Albuquerque and that the Mexicans had fled to their own country. The Mexicans who were infesting the remaining villages, and had done so for many years, were panic-stricken when they heard the report, but they decided to make themselves, once more, as obnoxious as they could. There was no gold to take, so they confined themselves to turquoise and coral beads, and they wasted all the corn they could find, until the Indians were brought to the verge of starvation. This was all the more easily accomplished, as farming had been interfered with for many years by the Mexicans.

In the Oribe village there lived a beautiful girl whose name was Tellesh-inm-ki. She was a descendant of Caie West-tu-wa, an Aztec of royal lineage. The villain who was at the head of the Mexicans and whose name was Valdez wanted this girl for wife, but Tuba's father, Pal-la-kah, said:

"Not as long as water flows and Aztec blood runs in our veins will you carry her away to the south country, as you have done with others. I challenge you to a duel here in the plaza, that the people may know that we are worthy of our mothers."

This noble speech was received with hilarity by Valdez and his men, but the challenge was accepted, and the combatants stripped to the skin, except for a small sirapie about the loins. There was what remained of a cottonwood tree standing in the center of the plaza, which is still there and which is pointed out by the Hopis to strangers.

The opponents met in the plaza, bowie-knife in hand, for mortal combat. The Mexican was large of stature, with a heavy mustache and many scars on his body, marks of former combats. The people feared for the fate of the Indian, but hope rose within their breasts when they became aware of the fact that the Mexican had imbibed freely of "fire-water," while Pal-la-kah, a boy of pure morals, was in full possession of both mental and physical vigor. Who can fully realize the emotions of the people who had gathered to witness this combat, where life, honor, and liberty were at stake!

The fight was fierce from the beginning. The gladiators circled around the tree. Both were bleeding profusely from gaping wounds. The Indian evidently was gaining on his savage adversary. Then, all of a sudden, the Mexican withdrew, as if to run away. But he turned quickly and hurled his dagger into the heart of the Indian. The brave boy fell limp against the tree. Slowly he sank to the ground and expired.

Then the Mexican walked up to the girl, folded his arms, and said, "I am the conqueror; yonder lies your beautiful knight."

"You lie," the girl answered; "he is my hero. You are a coward and a traitor. Never would a Hopi throw a knife even at a beast like you; much less at a real man. I refuse to go with you."

"Ha!" the Mexican retorted; "perhaps you have other heroes willing to give their lives to please your vanity?"

"Yes," was the reply, "there is Tuba-wa, his brother, and though he is only eighteen years old, he will avenge this foul deed."

"Yes," Tuba said, "and I shall live to see your people become a hiss and a byword among all people."

"Yes," said Valdez, "and I pronounce a curse upon your race. You shall no longer be called Aztec or Hopi, but Moqui—a dying race."

At this juncture Tuba-wa hurled a wooden spear which struck Valdez between the ribs. That was the end of him. The Mexicans fled for the time being.

A short time afterwards they chose one Rodrigues for their leader. He sent a man with a white flag to negotiate with the Indians. An agreement was entered into. The Indians were to resume all needful work in their various occupations. This they did. The workshops were again opened, and the men were spinning and weaving, and doing other kinds of work. One day Rodrigues and his men came upon the unsuspecting people and took the leaders out of the workshops and killed them. The village was left unprotected except for a few old

men, who tried to take the places of those who had fallen in the general massacre. The people mourned. "The curse of Valdez," they said, "has come upon us. We are indeed Moqui a dying race." And thus they have borne the name to this day in American history.

The Mexicans, at this time, abducted seventeen maidens. Among them was a beautiful girl who wore a mask so as to make Rodrigues believe that she was Tellesh-inm-ki. She was carried to the South land, and she is mourned by her people to this day. She is said to have been so much like her cousin that strangers could not tell them apart. Asked why she wanted Rodrigues to believe that she was Tellesh-inm-ki, she replied that it was because she desired to put an end to bloodshed. She was willing, she said, to sacrifice herself for her people with that end in view. Some of the Hopis believe that her descendants are still living among the Zunis.

Finally, the Mexican ravished our women, slew our flocks and herds, poisoned our springs, and left us to mourn the loss of the large tribe that inhabited Mexico on the south as far as Casas Grandes, Colorado, Castle Valley, Utah, and down to the Muddy in Nevada. The Cliff dwellers are our people. Today we are a mixed race, for the remnants of many small bands joined us. We are the Hopis, a kind, charitable people but our name has been buried with our people. Our temples to the Sun show that we worshiped and offered sacrifices to the great Creator. In our hearts we still worship him. Death only brings to us a happy change.

Thus ran his story.

I am Tuba-wa. I won Tellesh-inm-ki, but she was never happy, because she did not have children. She called herself Co-chee-ni-men—"The Bereaved Queen." Her heart was buried in her youth, and I am only Tuba. Once I was the great Fletcher of our race, as indicated by my former name.

When I first met Jacob Hamblin and Ira Hatch, I knew that they were our deliverers though they were called "Mormons." Hence I, Woo Pah—my Hopi name—give you this true story about what happened to me, my wife, and people.

A great sorrow came to me in my old age, when Co-chee-ni-men left me and married a younger man. Had she done this in her younger days, she might have raised children, to honor her forefathers and leave them a name on earth. We were married in St. George Temple, a great place somewhat similar to those my people used to build. I fear it reminded my wife of the tragic death of Pal-la-ka, and no man could fill his place in her heart, and thus we both go down to the grave mourning.

Moab, Utah.

Providential

By Miles A. Romney

So many incidents have happened during my life which indicate to me clearly that Providence has been mindful of my existence, and has taken special interest in my affairs, that I with pleasure accede to request, and submit the following, which may be of interest to some of the readers of the *Improvement Era*.

In the fall of 1896, I, in company with O. P. Brown, went in to the state of Sonora, Mexico, to purchase a herd of Sonora cattle. Traveling through the pine-clad vales and over the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre Mountains, we stood on the continental divide above *Dos Cabezas* (Two Heads), from whence we could follow the narrow trail which winds its way to the depths below, through crags and peaks along the sides of cliffs. One step to right or left would hurl rider and beast into space. Afar off we could see a straggling streak of silver winding its way towards the Pacific Ocean. This we knew to be the *Bavispe* river.

Starting at sunrise from our camp in the clouds, by the setting of the sun we stood on the banks of the river, along which, a little lower down, tropical fruits were ripening. Crossing this river, we climbed the winding trail to the village above. The mud-colored adobe houses, relieved occasionally by one with a whitewashed front, squatted in box-like fashion upon the village mound. In the center of this little town of Bavispe was the *plaza*, or public park. Disposing of our animals, we were crossing the plaza to a little *resturante*, when towards us came bounding a large white dog with a black spot besmattering one eye, his tail beating the appeal which his eyes bespoke. Passing my companion, he instantly claimed me as his master, and turned to follow me back to our eating house. Evidencing his joy, in finding me, with frequent bounds and barks, his admittance was contested, but with determined growl he evaded his assailants and crept beneath my table where he looked up gratefully as I slipped him bits of *chili* and *tortillas*. That night he slept close by. When I awakened, old "Spot" sat looking at me, eager to obey every command.

With an early start we were off to the south. The dog followed determinedly behind. A day or two later my companion parted from me, but the dog paid no attention.

Arriving at the little town of Guasegas I went into the *patio* of Don Binacio Durrazo to make a contract for some cattle. As I came out, I perceived a rough looking *peon* slinking away from my outfit. With a hoarse growl the dog crept after him, the hair rising stiffly on his neck.

As the sun had not yet set, I continued my ride toward a town over the mountain, about twenty-five miles distant. Soon the moon shone forth clear and bright, as only southern moons can shine, and I found myself riding on and on, mile after mile into the fastnesses of the mountains. I came on my way, to a little hill. In the trail up this slope a number of rattle snakes had taken possession of the way and seemed to be enjoying the moonlight. At the approach of my horse they rattled warningly. Giving them the trail, I found my way up the hill-side through the brush. Reaching the top, I decided that man and beast had traveled far enough for that night. Unpacking my mule and horse I crept in between the blankets. The footsore dog kept silent watch at the foot of the bed.

Out of the heaviness of sleep I was suddenly awakened by the dog, as with growl of rage he sprang upon something bent menacingly above me! That picture has so inscribed itself upon my mind that, though twenty-five years have intervened, I can see it now just as vividly as I did that moonlit night on the Sonora mountain! It was the *peon* I had seen loitering about in the plaza of the town behind. The moccassins on his feet, the white, loose-fitting trousers, with the red sash lashed tightly about the waist, a red cotton handkerchief loosely tied around his neck, a huge sombrero pushed well back on his head, and held in place with a black cow-hide string about his throat, a gaunt black face, every feature of which was distorted with a lust for blood and gold, his body leaning forward, and a huge knife grasped in his back-drawn hand, glinting back the moonlight, pointed at me, and dangerously near,—all this was the impression of a second's time. I sprang backwards, rifle in hand, just as he gave the last lunge and brought the knife downward to take my life!

It is almost unbelievable, the rapidity with which thoughts can pass through one's mind in supreme moments such as this, and reason safeguards one's act from rash impulse. My first thought was to shoot in self-preservation. Reason said, "Home ties, friends, all your interests in Mexico, will have to be abandoned if you pull the trigger. A human life you are about to take."

The cut-throat vented forth a screech of pain. Calling off the dog, I pointed the way down the mountain. "*Vayese!*" I commanded, adding in no uncertain words, that if I should see

him again that night I would not spare him as I had this time. Eager for the opportunity to retreat, the native backed off. I could hear the echo of his hurried tread down the trail as I kneeled by the side of this most strangely faithful dog.

"Well Spot, old fellow," I said "you have saved my life. Henceforth we are pals." His tail beat a joyous tattoo as I laid a hand affectionately on his head. During the remainder of the night man and dog kept silent vigil together.

After a week's rest in Oposuri we started on the homeward trail which led over most precipitous ground. I found the dog weakening and falling behind. Lifting him on to the pack mule I tied him there, where he rode day after day.

Arriving at the Williams Ranch, in the mountains near home, I left the travel-weary mule and horse, taking a fresh mount. As I rode up to Sister Dora Lunt's residence at Carales I noticed that the dog was not trailing behind, so I rode back the next morning, not only to the ranch, but miles beyond, but could find no trace of him. He had gone out of my life as mysteriously and as suddenly as he had come, but not in vain!

I was left with a more abiding faith, an additional testimony of the Father's watchfulness over his children.

Colonia Juarez, Chih., Mexico.



Legacies

What gifts have I made sure to those depending upon me for endowments? Will they, at maturity, step from the parental threshold with healthful bodies, efficient minds, and trained hands? Are their habits, habits of order, cleanliness and thrift? Have they lofty ideals? Do they know the dishonor of a lie, and the power of love? Can they plan? and, planning, will they struggle unto success? These prerequisites being vouchsafed, the handicap of an empty purse need not be feared!—*Addie Savage Pace.*



ANGEL'S LANDING, ZION CANYON

Photo through courtesy of R. A. Thorley, Cedar City, and Douglas White, Salt Lake Route.

Early Scouts in Zion Canyon

By *Alfred Lambourne*

Well, young scouts, the editor of the *Improvement Era* has asked me to say a few words to you, through the pages of this magazine. The subject that he wishes me to talk about is my early visit to the now famous Zion Canyon in the southern part of our state. It was the Territory of Utah then, and the remarkable place was not as well known as it is at the present day, and the one who is writing for you was in his young years like yourselves, though, of course, he was not a Boy Scout, for we did not have such a fine organization in those days; and it was "some" task, too, with such roads as we then had to get into the Zion Canyon.

Of course, all you boys know that the Zion Canyon is in a National Park now; but in those days it was a great solitude. My visit was made in company with my friend, C. R. Savage, who was the great landscape photographer then; and, being an artist, my purpose was to make sketches and then make paintings from them, for no one in the country had done so then. I remember that on the last day of our trip entering the Canyon, we were compelled to ford the Rio Virgin nineteen times. The roads were so deep in sand, we were using such a ramshackle vehicle, and the mules that pulled it were so small, I wonder how we ever got into that wilderness of stone without mishap. Really, we were very tired the first night we slept in the Zion Canyon. But perhaps some of the boy scouts have tramped over the road and up into the wonder of our Dixie Land.

Well, scouts, Zion Canyon is a wonderful scene to look upon, with its great walls, towers, and domes of stone; sedimentary rock, the geologists call it, because it was laid down by water in the long ago, and was at the bottom of ancient seas that have now disappeared. Some of those great masses of rock have striking names, but they were unnamed, at least as far as we know, at the time of our visit. About the highest and most massive rock of all is called El Gobernador, which changed from Spanish means "The Governor;" another is called Angel's Landing, then there are the Three Patriarchs and the immense heights. All are of wonderful colors, ranging from white—at top—through different ruddy tints to deepest red, and they

surely appear strange and grand when the southern sun shines full upon them, and the brilliant colors stand up against the dark blue sky. The Zion Canyon occurs in what is known as the Plateaus, masses of high, table-land rock, and there are



Photo through courtesy R. A. Thorley, Cedar City, and Douglas White, Salt Lake Route
SCOUTING IN ZION CANYON

These scouts are making their way through the narrows, approaching a defile through which the river passes. When storms occur, scouting in this quarter is extremely dangerous, since floods rise very suddenly in the narrow canyon, choking up to a great height, and the waters crowd through the narrow gorge with a great rush.

deep and narrow fissures in it, such as the Kannara canyons; the upper part of Zion Canyon is only a narrow defile of this kind, and it is quite filled up with the stream that comes through it. My, but that is a wild place! You all ought to see it! In some places the walls of the fissures are beautifully mossed and draped with ferns and bright with flowers. During high water season in the country, the stream roars through that fissure all one mass of foam, in a manner that is truly awful and, one might say, sublime!

Now, boy scouts, right here I might let you into a small secret. When the editor asked me to write these two or three paragraphs, he added this: "Boys like simple, straight-forward stuff; so no high brow this time. That's alright for older folks, but you know, boys!" Now, if he had not said that, I should feel like letting off, for your amusement if not edification, a few mental sky-rockets; I mean that it would be nice to say a few high-falutin' things about the wonders of Zion Canyon. But we must humor the editor and "cut it out." I'd have liked to tell you about the forces of nature, among them erosion, and glacial action, and rushing water, and volcanic fires, and how they worked through the ages to bring about the result that you see when standing on the floor of the Mu-Koon-tu-Weap. There now, I "been and used" an Indian word, for that is what the Red men used to call the Zion Canyon. That is a word of which even the best of translators of the Indian tongues have found it difficult to tell the meaning. It seems to refer to some personage or other who once dwelt in this wonderful place. But whether it was some Big Chief, or Renegade Indian, or



Photo by R. D. Adams, Cedar City, Utah
SCENE IN ZION CANYON

“Great Spirit” which the Indians worshiped, it were hard to tell. Perhaps it meant a burial place for the dead—for the Indians buried their dead in caves in the high cliffs. Whatever it meant, the Indians at the time of our first visit, did not care to go into the Zion Canyon—especially at night; so they either venerated the place too much, or were afraid to go there. During the time that we remained in the Canyon making photos and sketches, we did not see a living creature save ourselves. We heard the cliff-owls hoot, and that was all. It surely was a lonely place then.

Zion’s Canyon has had some names that were romantic besides the one we have mentioned. Sometimes it was called “Canyon of the Rio Virgin” or “Little Zion;” and had two other Indian names which mean something like this: “Place of Many Waters,” and “Heart of the Rock-Rovers Land.” Those were romantic names, were they not? But not more wildly romantic than the place itself. Boys, I hope that you will all go there, some day, and see that piece of Utah’s wonderland. But we have lots of wonderlands in Utah. I sure would like to tell you about some of them, and maybe I will some day—who knows? In the meantime—Success to your “Hikes,” and make up your minds to “See Utah First,” and, believe me, you will never regret it.

There are some pictures of Zion’s Canyon in this issue of the *Improvement Era*. Look, and see if you like them!

A PRAYER

Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, let me not forget the love that comforted me in the desolation of other times; that found me walking beside the murmuring streams, and over the silent hills of my childhood, when I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Let me not judge others, lest I condemn myself; teach me that poverty and riches are of the spirit, and though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Raise my eyes from the earth, and teach me the uses of the stars.

Let me not follow the clamor of the world but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope; and if age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and time’s olden memories, and may the evening twilight find me gentle still.—*T. R. Kelly.*

The Beaver

By Mrs. Wilson

A few days ago, our neighbor caught a young beaver, perhaps eight months old. He brought it home and kept it several days as a pet. It is certainly interesting to watch how intelligently he acts and works.

The beaver is a fur-bearing animal. The outside of the fur is hairy, but next to the hide it is as soft as silk and so thick that water never wets the hide, no matter how long the beaver is in water. He has a squirrel-like skull, very short ears, and small, round eyes. His legs remind one of a kangaroo, the front legs being so much shorter than the hind legs.

Five toes are on each foot, and each toe has a long, hard claw. The second toe of each hind foot has a split claw used for a comb and louse trap. Lice are companions to the beaver. The hind feet are webbed, used in swimming. His flat tail reminds me of a piece of dark rubber, covered with tiny scales, the tail is about the shape of the tongue of a beef, though not quite so pointed on the end. In making dams the beaver carries mud on his tail; sometimes he will swim in water with it but always keeps the mud out of the water. They gnaw bark, twigs, roots and grass for food. When they get a mouthful they will sit up and grind it by working the lower jaw from one side to another very rapidly. They live in the water. When a piece of ice gets in the pond of this little beaver he takes it with his front feet and legs, using them as a person does his arms and hands, carrying the ice out of the pond, swimming with his hind feet.

Near here are many beaver dams which are certainly some of the most remarkable undertakings seen in nature's wilds.

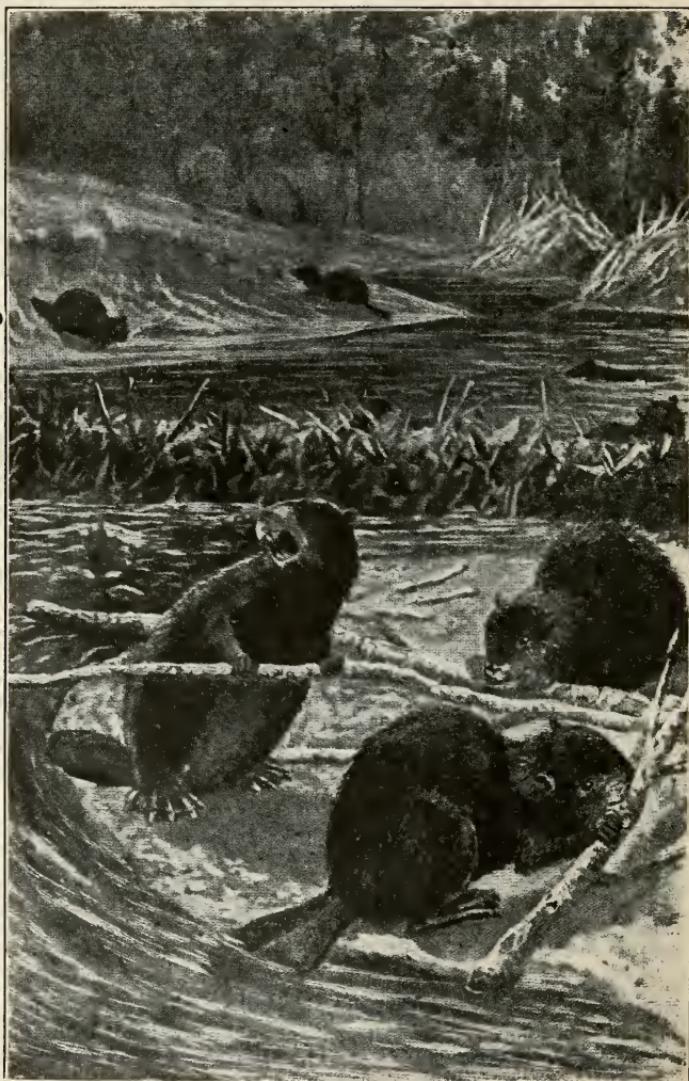
These dams are structures of sticks, stones, roots, mud, and sod, laid across a running stream of water. The ponds are deep enough to afford protection in summer, and not to freeze to the bottom in winter. Sticks, faced with mud, are laid against the stream, and the water allowed to trickle over the entire dam.

In some places the dams have been made like a solid bank, and the water is permitted to flow at one place only thus changing the course of the stream. In the dams, at the deepest part of the stream, are quantities of brushwood, each stick is placed butt against the current and covered with mud at upper stream-

end. The quaking asp trees are used mostly, with willows and brush. Along the stream one will see trees gnawed off that are as large as one foot in diameter.

The beavers work mostly at night, but we see them occasionally at work in the day time.

There seems to be a boss who sits and chatters while the



Beavers at work on a dam; beaver houses in the background.

rest work. The beaver spends much time in the water. When he comes out of the water he washes his face, eyes, and ears almost as a person does.

His home is found near a pond of water, the entrance is in the pond below the water line, leads through a passage to a dry chamber which is located under roots, stumps, or clumps of brush, so they get air from a hole in the top of the roof. Often the inside of the roof is strengthened by interlaced sticks.

One can gain lessons of industry in watching the beavers, who show an intelligence in their work almost on a par with that of man.

Boulder, Utah.

The Great American Handicap

By Will Dobson

“The last tobacco I sold was smoked up four years ago, and I’m just getting my pay for it now!”

With these cryptic words my neighbor on the north greeted me over his garden fence the other morning. His manner as well as his abrupt speech showed that there was something on his mind, something that had made him forget his usual cheery “good morning.”

“How is that?” was my natural query. Johnson is a useful and respected citizen in our community, and not easily stirred to fervid speech.

“Perhaps you can see for yourself,” and he pointed with a grim gesture to his boy, Arthur, headed for main street with tilted cigarette alight, absorbed in making his stride and bearing match the approved movie mode. There was real grief in my neighbor’s face, mingled with a yearning pride in the youthful author of the provocative smoke screen. I thought, indeed, that I could see his point. My neighbor has never used tobacco himself.

“Maybe he would have smoked anyhow,” I philosophized in an effort to comfort my friend.

“That isn’t it,” my neighbor argued, “the fact remains that I have been guilty of selling tobacco. Now tobacco is punishing me.”

Again I got his meaning.

"I sold tobacco because folks here wanted it, just as I did soda, soap or salt. Otherwise they would have had to go or send three hundred miles for it in the early days of the settlement. They would have considered me as infringing on their personal liberty if I had put them to that inconvenience. I considered their habits none of my business. Johnny Otter used to come here when he was in town and buy corned beef and lunch tongues and feed them to that worthless hound of his, with money that his old widowed mother needed badly.

"I wouldn't have dreamed of wasting canned meat in such a way, but I sold him what he wanted. He bought cigarettes and smoked them, too, a thing I would not have thought of doing. But I sold him the tobacco just as readily as I did the meat."

"Ever sell 'em any liquor?" I questioned with malice afore-thought.

"Not one drop!"

"Didn't they ask for it?"

"Every day. There was always someone coaxing for booze. I had seen too much of the liquor curse. I didn't want any such dirty money. I see what you are getting at, too; and you are right. There was no more excuse for selling tobacco than for selling liquor. I want to say to you right here, and I'm not forgetting my own case when I say it, the man whose reason tells him not to use tobacco is doing wrong when he sells it. He is poisoning his fellow men for hire, and the fact that he avoids taking the poison shows that he knows that it is a poison. There's no question possible on that point. He convicts himself."

"Have you labored with Art to show him the effects of cigarettes?" I asked, feeling rather uncomfortable under the almost fanatical glare of friend neighbor's accusing eye. He acted as if I were the guilty party rather than himself.

"He's been taught all that I ever knew and all that I have been able to find out of its evils. He knows that science, medicine, hygiene, and business are all dead against it. He knows that a man full of poison is a sick man, whether that poison is nicotine or another. He knows that the tobacco-poisoned man cannot eat until he has had his cigarette, that he cannot start work until he has had another, that before he has worked long he must have still more, that not even natural, normal sleep can come to the tobacco user until he has had his "shot" of poison in some form of tobacco. He knows the tobacco user cannot compete with the non-user in the hills, in the hayfield, in the gymnasium, nor in the classroom. In times of reasonable thought he admits this. He even tries at times to quit. But there are his 'gang' with influence against quitting. There

are all the novels and the movies to convince him that only with a pipe or a cigar or a cigarette may he face the world unashamed, fully clothed in the dress of the modern male. There are tobacco advertisements facing him everywhere with their lying half-truths and quarter-truths and their plain or rhymed prevarications that have not the shadow of truth. The tobacco trust with its millions has at its call the ablest writers, poets, painters and sculptors the land affords. It can at times command the help of doctors and so-called men of science. What chance has my boy's common sense and my commonplace ability against this vast organized, all-embracing determination to corrupt him?

"What do you think he sprung on me this morning? A lot of rot from an army doctor. That is what started me going today. A pamphlet it is, put out by the tobacco trust. Some army doctor writes them a nice little testimonial for maybe a few thousand dollars, maybe for the advertising to be had, saying when he heard the cries of pain stilled and saw peace and rest brought to racked bodies in the war zone hospitals, he felt to say in his heart, 'thank God for tobacco.' Some such words as those. And now, Art, knowing tobacco and all its evil ways as well as I do, is carrying that sob stuff around to justify himself for using it."

"It ought to be easy to answer," I ventured.

"It is—it answers itself, for people who want it answered," was his rejoinder. "The answer is to insert the word 'cocaine' instead of 'tobacco.' Or the name of any other like dope will do. I myself have said in my heart, 'thank God for morphine,' but I hope none of my kin ever become slaves to it. A man whose brain was not clouded with tobacco smoke would see that the doctor's outburst merely classed tobacco with the other 'painkillers' that must be used only on a doctor's prescription. I tried to explain that to Art, but he says there is no comparison. And yet, I have known men to lie, steal, even to murder, to get more tobacco, just as they will to get 'coke' or any other habit-forming drug. Some day Art will see all that, but just now the tobacco trust is able to keep his mind off it. They are spending their millions to weaken young muscles, undermine youthful willpower and befog immature brains. They have proclaimed throughout the land that tobacco won the war. If it did, the Germans smoked it. That brazen boast is an insult to the hosts of strong, clean young men who did their work without the aid of nicotine. There were likely a few 'coke' fiends in the trenches and no doubt they could not do their work without their dope. Just that much, 'coke' helped win the war. But the unthinking take the tobacco boast to mean that

the laws of nature that make a tobacco user a weakling here were reversed in the war zone, and tobacco became an all-powerful food of the gods. The absolute fact is that but for this evil habit there would have been thousands of tons of food and munitions shipped in time of need that had to wait while tobacco went. Millions of dollars would have been available to buy liberty bonds that were burnt up in tobacco. Why, do you remember that in all the meatless, eatless, wheatless days when man, woman and child were called on to sacrifice every comfort and many a necessity for victory, not one word ever got into the big publications urging men to give up their tobacco. Everything yielded to the war but that. It seems to me that tobacco did all it could to lose the war.

"But, thank God, the tobacco trust is digging its own grave. It is forcing us to use tobacco or fight. And let me assure you we are going to fight. We are going to organize for the defense of our boys. We are going to match the millions of the tobacco campaign fund dollar for dollar. While they let us alone we let them alone. But they have invaded even our homes now, and the war is already on. Another year will see America awake to the issue, and when it is, good-night and good-bye to tobacco."

And with this off his mind, my usually quiet and good-natured neighbor turned to his hoeing and let me go to my office.

Cedar City, Utah



"Children trained to extend justice, kindness and mercy to animals become more just, kind and considerate toward each other. Character training along these lines when the children are young, will result in their being better men and women, with broader sympathies, more humane, law-abiding, and, in every respect more valuable citizens."

Vital Problems of Life

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A., 1920-21

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

Lesson XXI.—Why Believe in the Atonement?

Introduction

In considering the love aspect of the atonement, the thought of sex affinity has no place. Filial love, parental love, love that preserves justice from autocracy and prevents mercy from degenerating into mere indulgence; to this form of love our discussion is confined.

The sacrifice aspect of the atonement is foreign to human sacrifice. The offering of human sacrifice is grievous to the God of Israel, whether it be on a priestly altar, a funeral pyre, or a battle front. The Father neither slew the Son nor aided those who did it. He approved a plan of duty-to-the-death that higher life might come.

The criminality of human sacrifice was proved at the altar of Elkanah, the non-necessity of it was shown on Mount Moriah. Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham 1:1-20; Genesis 22:1-21.

Not human slaughter but psychic unselfishness was the gift acceptable to the God of Abraham. Selfishness in sacrifice makes the act sinful, and they who seek a martyr's crown are among the ones who miss it. Sacrifice in disobedience is never acceptable to God, from the days of Cain and Abel unto the present hour, but sacrifice with obedience brings forth the blessings of heaven. I Samuel 15:22.

Sacrifice made contrary to the word of God, the counsel and admonition of his recognized authority on the earth, has behind it either faithless ignorance or egotistical wilfulness.

I. Believe in the Atonement because it is a marvelous love scheme.

In the light of what has been done through the Atonement, it seems evident that its purpose was twofold; the proving of God's love for man, and the winning of man's love for God.

No one in this day of enlightenment, will deny that one of the highest aims of existence is service; neither will anyone deny that the quality of service is to be measured by the amount of unselfish love put into the service. Unselfish love makes

way for liberty, and liberty presupposes the pursuit of happiness; not the mere acceptance of the best conditions, but the yearning for and the reaching out after these conditions.

The divine plan to prove God's love for humanity was, first, to make way for humanity to voluntarily come into a state of helplessness, thus making helpfulness possible, thus opening the way for the awakening of gratitude in the human breast.

The fall of Adam has been called a fall upward, but it must be remembered that the upwardness of that fall began with the provisions of the redemption. Eve had no occasion to rejoice in the act through which she was banished from Eden until it was revealed to her that mortality could carry over into immortality. Her transgression left her at the bottom of the letter U. The curve upward began when the Christ mission was made a part of her mind content. She and Adam had gone to the bottom of the well and were companions of death. The atonement was the ladder by which they could voluntarily ascend; faith, repentance, and baptism being the rounds of that ladder.

Through the fall the unescapableness of divine justice was provided for. Man learned what it was to be spiritually dead, i. e., to be justly an outcast from the presence of his Father, God; and that, too, without the knowledge of any pathway back, and with a keen consciousness of an unworthiness for that spiritual life or companionship with God.

There was no room for complaint, the claim of justice could not be challenged; its power to encompass the universe was left unquestioned; sternly he stood at the gateway forbidding the entrance of a hope to the tree of life, yearnings only could pass him by.

Through the atonement, the infinite reach of mercy was provided for. Behind this mercy was something more than justice, something more than mercy, it was the sum total of them both so blended that the strength of the one was unimpaired and the sweetness of the other unwasted. It was the love of God starting from the heights above and reaching to the depths below. Well did the psalmist exclaim, "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." Psalms 139:8.

The fathomless interest of Divinity in humanity is expressed in the scripture, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

No one can fully know what that gift meant except him who gave it. It was a gift of a son, a counselor, a companion Deity, made by the Father that he might prove the love of Divinity

for humanity, and win the love of humanity for Divinity and thus increase the love and joy of both.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13.

"God is love." John 1:5. But God is more than love, and yet he is more love than anything else. The love element dominates in him. The godliness of man is measurable by his love of God, subject to the test of keeping God's commandments.

The Son planned the play in which he, the hero of the great drama, must give to each and all of humanity more than they could give to him.

They should with freedom become helpless captives of death; Christ should ransom and give new life to all; he should suffer and die and descend into the pit; open the prison doors, and provide a gospel dispensation for the dead. I Peter 3:18-20; "Vision of the Redemption of the Dead," *Improvement Era*, December, 1918, p. 166.

The Christ was to be *in* hell but not *of* it, and all this for love; first, of his Father, second, of humanity, third, of his mission, wanting nothing more. That he neither sought for nor thought of other recompense is made clear in his prayer report to his Father. John 17:5.

He paid the race death debt, that man might be in the life to come an immortal living soul, which is more than he was in the life before, for then he was but a living spirit. He gave his body and shed his blood that man might have a body new with spirit blood within its veins; and then besides, he lived an earth-life which not only taught the way, but made the path back from spiritual death to spiritual life, which spiritual life is the enjoyable presence of him with whom Adam dwelt in Eden; and thus the Christ, the hero, became the ideal of the eternal ages.

The love-winning power of the atonement glows in the expression, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32. And there is prophecy as well as edict in the two great commandments, "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely, this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." Mark 12:30-31.

The last personal injunction of the Great Redeemer to his apostles was a love message: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." John 13:34.

One of his final declarations pointed to the carryover of

his affections into the world beyond, when he said, "I go to prepare a place for you, * * * that where I am ye may be also." John 14:2-3.

These statements seem to encompass all love from the call of Divinity to the coo of the dove; parallel in scope with the reach of the atonement from the abode of the God to the prisons of the condemned.

Reading References

Mediation and Atonement, John Taylor.

At Rest with Christ, Joseph F. Smith.

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The Four Gospels.

"Vision of the Redemption of the Dead," Joseph F. Smith, *Improvement Era*, Dec., 1918.

Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 19, 29, 45, 74, 76.

Gospel Doctrine, Joseph F. Smith, pages 120-121.

"The Original Sin," *Vitality of Mormonism*, James E. Talmage.

"The Fall and the Redemption," Orson F. Whitney, *Era*, March, 1921.

Suggestion

A fitting hymn to sing at the close of this lesson will be, "I know that my Redeemer lives," the favorite hymn of President Joseph F. Smith.

Questions and Problems

1. With what form of love does this lesson now deal?
2. Show that parental love, filial love, and fraternal love are prominent elements in the atonement.
3. Why is the seeking of a martyr's crown a sure way to miss finding it?
4. How did the Fall contribute to the making of a way for God to prove his love for humanity?
5. Show that the evident purpose of proving one's love is to win the love of others.
6. Discuss the seeming paradox: "Love's captives are always free."
7. Wherein does the atonement provide for the heroic element of life?
8. How does the atonement provide for man to receive more than he can give?
9. Illustrate this definition of mercy:
Mercy is the going further for another than we must
To fulfil an obligation. It is being more than just.
10. Discuss this quotation from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice": "Therefore, Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this; that in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation."
11. Show that justice gains our confidence, and mercy wins our love. Illustrate.
12. In the light of John 12:32, where do we find prophecy as well as edict in the two great commandments?

13. Quote the Redeemer's new commandment to his disciples at Jerusalem. John 13:34.
14. What does the expression, "God is Love," mean to you?
15. Make a memory gem of the test of your love of God. John 14:15.
16. Compare the two following quotations: "Love levels all ranks, and puts the shepherd's crook beside the scepter." *Bulwer Lytton.* "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also." *Jesus.*

Lesson XXII.—Why Believe in the Atonement? (Continued.)

II. Believe in the Atonement because of its free agency provisions.

In the widest sense, free agency consists of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In the atonement plan, a newness of life is provided for; an "added upon" form of existence; a mortal state; a more than spiritual existence; a condition of being able to be more, to do more, and to enjoy more than was possible in the premortal state.

After the provision for life, comes the one for liberty, the privilege of choice. Life gave man the capacity to choose, but not the possibility of choosing; because possibility requires capacity and opportunity for the exercise of that capacity. Possibility is capacity plus opportunity.

The possibility for free agency required a law which man felt conscious of being able to keep or break. The forbidden fruit no doubt contained the causes of physical death, but the disobedience accompanying the act of partaking of the fruit was the forerunner of a spiritual death, a psychic or mental unfitness for the presence of the Lord.

Adam's first banishment was self-inflicted, he fled to the thicket, he was out of harmony with the divine in himself and therefore could not enjoy the presence of the divine without, even though it be his Father.

Of course, just as men do now, the first man tried the experiment of slaying in Eden, in a condition altogether incompatible with the position or place; he would be in and out at the same time, but he could find no hiding place in Eden.

Transgression destroyed Adam's desire for his Father's presence, and the ejection from Eden separated him from his Father. His guilt estranged him, justice banished him. He was as if he had no Father, he was spiritually dead.

While the Fall banished Adam from the presence of the Lord, it brought him face to face with the divinity within himself, a something from which he could not even hope to hide.

Through the Fall was born the human conscience, a knowledge of good and evil and its responsibilities. Man, from a creature of innocence guided from without, became a creature

of ethical experience to be moved and guided from within as the Gods were, and thus far man through the fall became as God.

Man had obtained something desirable, but it had come to him through the breaking of law, and instead of being a blessing or addition to his joy, it became a calamity diminishing what joy he had.

Adam and Eve, estranged from God out of Eden, were spiritually dead, with the sentence of physical death upon them. But one tie existed between them and paradise, and that tie was a yearning.

Faith and hope, the two arteries of spiritual life, were severed, still Adam and Eve yearned, and God heard their yearnings; he called; they heard and answered, like every soul must hear and answer, when spiritual death has separated them from God.

They cried, "Lord, what wouldst thou have us do?" and he answered, "Make sacrifice," and they, in faith and hope, obeyed. The spiritual resurrection had begun; they had died through choice to disobey; they were being made alive through choice to obey.

Adam and Eve were spiritually dead, yet physically alive, saw evidence of the impending doom to physical annihilation; they saw the great chain of death and destruction with the creatures of the air, the water, and the land. As the strong lived by the death of the weak, they saw both growth and death. They saw the perpetuity of the race, but the death of the individual in that chain of destruction of which they were a part.

They had yearned for spiritual life, and their Father brought it to them through his own voice, the ministry of angels, and their obedience, yet had they another yearning which was a desire for individual continuance. God heard that yearning, also he knew it would come and had made provision for its gratification through the atonement.

By the choice of disobedience they had lost the right to bodies, by choice of obedience they were to establish the right to a renewal of their bodies, a physical resurrection. He presented the contract in symbol; they signed it, not with pen and ink, nor mark of any kind, but with their whole bodies. They wrote it in the elements, they were baptized in water and confirmed by authority, the spiritual resurrection was complete. Adam and Eve had now a *free agency* birthday, they were by choice son and daughter of God. Pearl of Great Price, Book of Moses, Chapter 6:64-68. Doc. and Cov. 25:1.

From the vantage ground of a free agency birth the atonement provides for the purest happiness through an infinitude

of time, which is eternity, by the exercise of the free will in the line of obedience to the law upon which happiness is predicated.

III. Believe in the Atonement because without its vicariousness no human repentance can be complete.

Complete repentance consists in (a) the recognition of wrong, (b) the regret for doing wrong, (c) the discontinuance of the wrong, (d) the reparation of the wrong and its effects.

A man may recognize the wrong of neglect to his family; he may regret that neglect, he may discontinue that neglect, he may provide well for them physically, morally, and spiritually; but can he make up for the lost opportunities of his children in their education, in the stunted growth, caused from lack of food, can he pay for the premature agedness of his wife, to say nothing of the effects of his negative conduct on society in general? Can he fully compensate? or, is he dependent, as was Adam, for a completeness of reparation?

No one's repentance can be complete enough to make full reparation, because sin goes further than the sinner, or his reach to recall. It throws the universe out of harmony, and to the Master of the universe must be left the completion of the compensation; and this part of repentance is a gift from God.

IV. Believe in the Atonement because it not only provides for the unconditional redemption from the effects of the race-sin, but it also provides for a conditional redemption from the effects of our individual sins. See 1 Cor. 15:22; 1 John 1:7.

V. Believe in the Atonement because through the resurrection of Christ it has demonstrated the truth that, though dead, men shall live again. The resurrection of Christ was no fiction.

Jesus, the Redeemer appeared at least fourteen times in his resurrected body:

1. To Mary Magdalene at Jerusalem.
2. To other women at Jerusalem.
3. To two disciples at Emmaus.
4. To Peter at Jerusalem.
5. To ten apostles at Jerusalem.
6. To eleven apostles at Jerusalem.
7. To seven apostles at the Sea of Galilee.
8. To five hundred disciples at the Mountain of Galilee.
9. To James at Jerusalem.
10. To apostles at Bethany (Ascension). See Rand McNally *Bible Atlas*, page 111.
11. Introduced by his Father to the Nephites in America.
12. To the Nephites, preaching the gospel.
13. Healing the sick and conferring the priesthood.
14. To Nephite disciples. See Book of Mormon, III Nephi, 11:29.

VI. Believe in the Atonement because of its cost!

The atonement cost a rebellion in heaven; it cost the banishment of one third of the hosts of heaven; it cost the descent of a Deity to the earth, and suffering more than mortal man hath ever known living. A life more ideal than mortal could live.

VII. Believe in the Atonement because of its naturalness.

Anyone who finds fault with vicariousness, or the law providing that one may suffer that others may enjoy, let him think of his own entry into earth life. If he would criticise in the name of nature a provision for one to die that others might live, let him think of the flower that must lose its leaves that fruit may be; or of the planted seed that must give up its germ of existence that the plant may come into the sunshine.

VIII. Believe in the Atonement because of its universality (a) as to time, (b) as to place.

The story of the atonement in various forms is found in the traditions of the savages on the main lands, and on the islands of the sea. The mythology of the pagan bears witness of its existence, the Old Testament foreshadows it in ceremony and the New Testament makes record of its culmination; and the best of modern civilization is an outgrowth of all it has meant and promises to the world.

IX. Believe in the Atonement because of its origin.

The origin of the atonement was the legislation of the law and order element of heaven. See lecture on atonement, Orson F. Whitney, and particularly his quotation from the III canto "Elias." *Era*, March, 1921.

*X. Believe in the Atonement because a disbelief in its demands the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was a teacher of falsehood. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." John 3:5.**Questions and Problems*

1. Discuss this statement: . Sin inevitably leads to banishment from God; (a) self banishment of unfitness, (b) his withdrawal.
2. Discuss the following analysis of the first spiritual death, (a) entertaining evil, (b) accepting a half-told lie against the Lord's truth, (c) exercising agency against God's commandment, (d) lack of desire for communication with God, (e) discomfort in God's presence, (f) withdrawal of God's Spirit beyond man's power to recall, (g) official decree of spiritual separation between God and man.
3. Consider the following steps of the first spiritual resurrection,

(a) response to God's call, their prayer, (b) confidence, obedience, not blind obedience, to divine instruction, (c) symbolic signature to the contract, a new alliance with God, (baptism by water) (d) God's official approval of the contract, confirmation, gift of the Holy Ghost, (e) man's renewed desire *for* and *enjoyment* of the presence of God, (f) a consciousness of a new cleanliness or fitness for God's presence.

4. Show that prayer is not only an evidence of spiritual health but a means of creating spiritual vigor.

5. How does Sabbath day observance tend to keep one in good spiritual health?

6. Wherein is the sacrament service a renewal of the atonement covenant?

7. How is one's spiritual health kept good by tithe-paying?

8. Show the relationship between temple marriages and spiritual life.

9. Name some of the common symptoms of spiritual sickness, leading to spiritual death.

10. What atonement advantages has the baptized person over the unbaptized?

11. Illustrate the impossibility of complete repentance without the atonement.

12. How does the atonement as a means of redemption enter into our daily lives doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves?

13. Discuss the proposition: Disbelief in the atonement brands the earth-life of the Savior either as a myth or a fraud, and thus destroys the foundation of Christianity.

Reading References

The list of reading references is the same for lesson 22 as for lesson 21.

Introspection

What do you think of me, dear little playmate,
 How do I look, through your wondering eyes?
 Am I a cloud o'er your garden of sunshine,
 Am I the cause of your innocent sighs?

What do I mean to you, dearest companion;
 Noble—ah! perfect, dearer than life;
 Am I a blight to your righteous endeavors,
 Have I been the cause of sorrow or strife?

What are your thoughts of me, father and mother;
 How am I paying the debt which is mine?
 Will I bring to you yet, sad disappointment,
 In the dreams you have cherished, sweet and sublime?

What do you think of me, Father in heaven,
 You who can judge from the heart of your child?
 O, help me to know still the joy of your Presence,
 Grant me the privilege of seeing your smile.

Auburn, Wyo.

Elona Gardner Hillyard



Boy Scouts of America Y.M.M.I.A. Band

By J. Henry Ehlers

Before the days of the local Boy Scout Council, the Salt Lake Scout Masters' Association held a meeting to discuss the possibility of a Boy Scout Band. Brother Junius F. Wells had been invited to give a talk on band work, as he had been familiar with other organizations of this kind. During his remarks he referred to what a fine thing it would be if the Scouts could have a band, how much joy, benefit and pleasure it would give them, and how much life it would add to the organization. At that time the city was divided into five districts: Ensign, Salt Lake, Pioneer, Liberty and Granite. Each was presided over by a Deputy Commissioner, under the Supervision of Dr. John H. Taylor, our M. I. A. Scout Commissioner. Each district was represented on the Band Board by its Deputy Commissioner, besides Oscar A. Kirkham, Roscoe W. Eardley, N. G. Morgan, and Dr. John H. Taylor of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. These men were given authority by the association to have full charge of the Band work. They at once perfected an organization, electing Brother Junius F. Wells as honorary president; N. G. Morgan, president; C. H. Spencer, Jr., manager; J. Henry Ehlers, secretary; and A. Roy Heath, treasurer. J.

Spencer Cornwall, head of the Granite School District Music Department was secured as band master. He did the pioneer work, and stayed with the organization for two years, putting it on its feet. Owing to his many other duties the band was later turned over to Brother Victor Picco, who had just returned from studying band work in the East, but Brother Cornwall retained his connection with the band, being elected vice president. Rehearsals were held in the old Deseret Gym, commonly called the "Barn" which, a short time after, was remodeled, and the Band moved to the printing office, the old school rooms of the former tithe office, just behind the new Church Office Building. The band made so much noise and disturbed the meetings in those buildings so much that its practice place of meeting was soon moved to the rooms under the Barratt hall. Here they were in constant conflict with the night school and other assemblies in Barratt hall. Finally, through the efforts of Brothers Morgan and Spencer, permission was given by the City Commission to hold practices in the gymnasium of the Public Safety building, or Police station, and here, at present, rehearsals are being held every Monday night from seven to eight-thirty o'clock. Special part-rehearsals are held during the week at various places. Chairs were also provided by the City fathers for the benefit of the Band.

At first there were a great many boys who wanted to belong to the Band. Some had instruments and some had none; some with instruments could play and others could not, and there were boys who had no instruments but could play. It was a hard task to keep these boys together. Those who could play did not want to wait for the boys who could not, and they wanted to play a different class of music. But under the able leadership of Brother Cornwall and the officers of the organization, the Band was held together until all its members could play. Some citizens gave their instruments to the boys, and others sold their instruments to the boys at a cheap price, which the boys or the Band bought.

The funds of the association were secured by taxing each district \$25 which they all promptly paid. This money was used for music and various other things that the Band was in need of. President Heber J. Grant came to the rescue and gave \$1,000 to the Band which was to be used in purchasing instruments. The money was spent to purchase twenty-two instruments, some old and some new. After six months of hard work the boys made their first appearance at an M. I. A. Rally at which Granite and Liberty stakes were in friendly competition. There were over two thousand people present and the boys received a good start. A few days later they played at

the Granite stake conference; and in June, at the M. I. A. conference, in the tabernacle. School had adjourned for the summer by this time and many of the boys left to work on farms, etc. But those who stayed still met regularly. The Band appeared several times during the Fall. On February 5, 1921, they appeared for the first time in a street parade. They made a very impressive showing on this occasion. The parade was to commemorate the 12th anniversary of the Boy Scout movement, and there were 1500 boys who took part in the parade.



M. I. A. Boy Scout Band Street Parade, Passing on South Temple Street, in front of Hotel Utah

Salt Lake is now famous throughout the United States for its scout work, and it is the object of the Band to carry out the idea expressed by Brother Wells, "to be of benefit to the boys and to give life and pleasure to the scout movement." Last year Oscar A. Kirkham and two Salt Lake boys went to the Scout Jamboree, in France and England. The Denver Scout Band also went. It is the aim of the M. I. A. Band to go to the next Jamboree, and to have the best Scout Band in America. One Scout Master, Tom Green, is so interested in the Band that he has 29 of his scouts on the Band, many of whom could not play a note when they began. There are at present eighty mem-

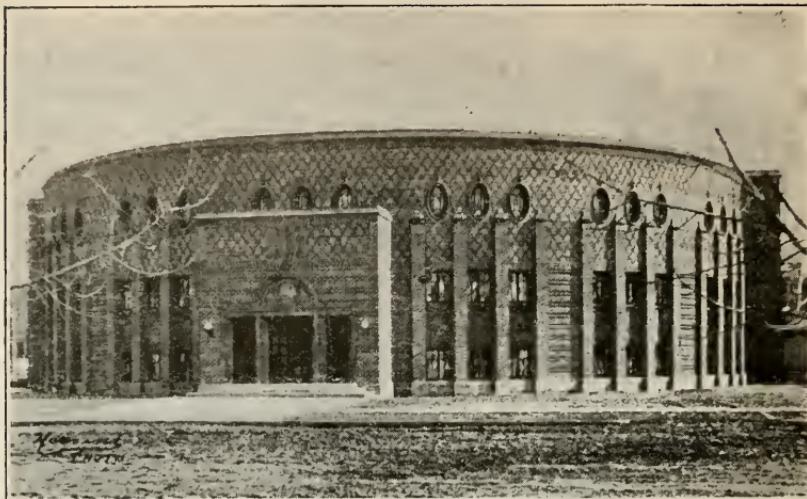
bers, and it is desired to get a membership of one hundred boys in uniform. Plans are also under way for a fife and drum corps, and a bugle corps. The Band will soon hold a public concert in Salt Lake City.



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FRANKLIN AND UNCLE SAM MEET SENATOR REED SMOOT

Benjamin Franklin, originator of the Thrift Idea, in the person of Burr MacIntosh, noted photographer, actor and lecturer, (left), and Uncle Sam, represented by Guy Nichols, meet Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, guest of honor at the Budget-day Dinner of the National Budget Committee, in the Aldine Club, in New York, one evening in the latter part of January. Franklin, the Father of Thrift, prevailed upon Uncle Sam, the spendthrift, and prodigal brother, to reform, through Senator Smoot's good offices. A boy scout is thrifty.



Blackfoot Stake Tabernacle

By James Duckworth, President of the Blackfoot Stake

The Blackfoot stake tabernacle is located in Blackfoot, Bingham county, Idaho, just across the road from the county courthouse, on Shilling Avenue. The contract for the building was let on June 7, 1919, and the building was completed in November, 1920. Including the site and the furnishings the total cost will be practically \$100,000. The structure is of concrete, wood, steel and brick, with no elaborations, is noted for its simplicity, and impresses one as being erected for utility and service. The site upon which the building stands is 125 feet deep east and west and 160 feet wide north and south.

The building is semi-circular in design, and in this respect follows the design of the Montpelier stake tabernacle. The building comprises two stories, the upper story being for stake conferences and other religious gatherings and the lower story being for social and other purposes. The upper story consists of a large auditorium, including a balcony, and has a seating capacity of 1,750 souls. The pulpit is at the center of a radius of 61 feet from the walls that form the semi-circle that gives the building its somewhat unique appearance from the outside. Immediately in front of the pulpit are the pews for the choir upon a succession of elevations, the lower pew running down to the main floor level, and these choir pews will accommodate about 80 persons. With the exception of the stand, the pews, in this upper floor, are arranged in a semi-circle, nearly all of them resting upon an inclined floor or upon a succession of ele-

vations. The stand is large, having a seating capacity of 100, and includes a recess or alcove intended for a pipe organ which it is hoped will be installed later. The pews throughout this story are of oak, medium in color, and are roomy and comfortable. The floors throughout the building are of maple and, with the exception of the window frames, all the wood-work is of light colored oak.

The main part of the lower floor consists of a social hall for theatricals, concerts, dances, etc., the dance floor being 88 feet long and 44 feet wide at the widest points. The dance floor is semi-circular and, running around the semi-circular part, is a corridor 54 inches wide, and open on the side next to the dance floor. The floor of the corridor is 28 inches above the dance floor level, and this corridor and dance floor together have a seating capacity of over 500 people, for concerts, etc. In connection with the social hall is a stage that is 18 feet deep and 36 feet long, with a proscenium opening 26 feet wide, and at each end of the stage is a dressing room for performers. Immediately under the stage and dressing rooms are the boiler and coal rooms, the latter room having storage capacity for a car load of coal.

On the closed side of the corridor mentioned above are doors opening to the following rooms; office of the stake presidency, high council room, cloak or rest room for the brethren, cloak or rest room for the sisters, kitchen and a store room connected therewith. The windows in the semi-circular part of the building, as well as those in the rear of the upper story, are of opalescent, cathedral glass, of amber shade; while in the rear of the social hall, the stage and dressing rooms, the windows are of Florentine glass. The building throughout is heated by steam, the boiler being of the Kewanee, tubular type. Leaving out the entrance approaches, the tabernacle is 82 feet deep, east and west, and 126 feet wide north and south.

Spring-a-Ling-a-Ling

The bells of spring ring ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you and also me;
The red-breast robins sing-a-ling-a-ling
From every orchard tree.
From vale and hill comes spring-a-ling-a-ling,—
We're off a-hiking, see?
For the bells of spring ring ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you and also me.

The Arm of the Rio

By Fred McLaughlin, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

We had left the Cerro Altos that morning; and they now stood, bold and brown, against a darkening East. North of us rose the spires and battlements of the Organ Mountains, while southward the thin knife edge of the Franklin Range cut the coppery sky. Far to the West the sun had just dropped behind the dim blue screen of the Floridas; and the deeply purpling slopes came down to a broad dark band of timber that stretched—north and south—across our path.

“There she is,” said Harris; “the well known Rio Grande!” Harris wrote feature stuff for divers’ newspapers. Sunsets didn’t interest him; the sun had to set.

“Pretty,” said Ames; and then—“wonderful. Did you ever see such shades of purple?”

Ames is a painter. He was on his way to the Mogollons, where the cliff dwellings are.

“Less than an hour and we camp.” Thus spoke Mitchell—Bob Mitchell, prospector, scout, hunter and guide; wise in the ways of the wild; well known over all the wide spaces of the West; lean, lithe, erect, lantern-jawed, who carried his three-score years like a feather. From the cantinas of Tehuantepec to the gold camps of the Klondyke men will tell you tales of this remarkable man. The Pony Express knew him, and the “Mormons”—that strange, hardy people who builded a great empire—they knew him, and liked him. He knew a dozen Indian tongues; he was familiar with the moods of the desert; he knew the best passes through the mountains, the nearest water holes, the fine points of a horse and the weak points of a man. He had been with Lawton, and Shafter, and Miles; he had lived a thousand absorbing stories; and when he told one he always drove it home with a bit of philosophy that fit him as appropriately as the twilight’s purple mantle fits these southwestern hills. May his wit ever shine and his keen gray eyes never dim!

An hour later, beside the bank of the Big River, we made our camp. The horses, free from galling saddles, nibbled at the scant grass among the sage; the coffee pot began its evening song, and the savory perfume of cooking meat and the rapidly browning pone in the “dutch oven” took nothing away from our appetites.

Supper over and minds active, we sat around the fire and talked, as we had sat and talked each night since leaving the Pecos. The fact that a railroad paralleled our course one day's ride to the South troubled us not at all. The railroad would never have given us these wonderful nights; it would not have afforded us this close companionship; it would not have given us Bob Mitchell; it would not have put something clean and fine into our lives—a something that will stay with us as long as we may live.

Harris had told us stories about the Big City, for Harris' life was the warp and woof of the crowd. Ames, always under compulsion, had pictured strange scenes and peoples in out-of-the-way places of the earth. I remember having seen a series of Afghanistan paintings in brilliant blues, with Ames' name at the bottom; and I remember once when Harris, always inquisitive, had asked him how he lost that finger from his left hand, Ames had replied, "A monkey bit it off—on the Congo."

So we conjured up imaginations and studied the fire; seeing, each, in the flickering flames, the pictures in his own brain; while the river whispered almost at our feet, and a couple of birds in the dark foliage of an overhanging tree quarreled because we had broken their rest.

"How about the river, Mitchell?" said Harris, with a bit of banter in his tone.

Mitchell made a characteristic move; the fire threw his strong face into sharp relief.

"There's a good deal about the river, son," said he. "This was the Great River to the old Anahuac, a thousand years before your Dutch forebears began to trade worthless beads to the gullible red man for valuable furs."

Harris joined in the laugh that followed.

"What does it say to you, Mitchell?" said Ames—"The river?"

The grizzled hunter turned to Ames. "You feel it, sir; don't you?"

Always it was "sir" to Ames and "son" to Harris. True, Ames was much the older.

"Spill it," said Harris. In some ways the young dissenter was more guileful than we, for he drew forth many a story that we would never have reached.

"The desert kinder talks to you," said Mitchell slowly; "and the mountains; and at night, the stars—"

"I've heard of the language of the stars." This from "son."

"Shut up," said Ames pleasantly. "And the river, Bob; what does it say to you?"

"You know I've lived with the Indians a good deal; and the

Mexicans, which is only good Indian with bad Spanish blood in 'em. I learned a lot from them. They're mostly superstitious. To them this old river is something more than a lot of water wanderin' along to the Gulf; it's got a kind of a soul. Every fifth of May they bring old San Isidro down and duck him; and they do a lot of things that seem plumb foolish to a man who don't understand. The river tells some wonderful stories: it whispers strange things to you; it talks."

"Esperanto, I guess," jeered Harris.

Mitchell turned a quizzical face. "What language is a frown, son? Hindoo? English? French? It tells the same thing in any language. You don't need words to talk. You know as well as I do that them two birds up there are cussin' us because they can't go to sleep. I don't have to talk to my horse; he knows. Don't music talk to you? Sure it does. What language does it use?"

"Search me," said Harris; "I'm over my head."

"Don't music talk love to you; and hate? Can't you hear marching men; can't you see 'em fightin'—and dying? Once I heard one of them piano sharks in Leadville play 'The Butterfly.' A Swede wrote it. I could see that bug floppin', and divin' down, and floatin' off kinder graceful. Once I went as far East as Chicago with Mr. Remington. You know him, sir?"

"Yes," said Ames; "very well."

"We went to a show—All music, Son, that orchestra didn't say a word, but it talked to us. And the river—the 'Danube'—remember?"

"Blue Danube."

"Yes sir; that's it. I never saw the Danube River; it don't have a name like a western stream, but if I ever see it I'll know it from that tune. I can see it tumbling—and then sweepin' along quiet in the wide places. There will be a kind of a whisper in the eddies—and old time rock forts and castles on the banks."

"It *does* tumble," put in Ames the painter; and sweep along in the wide places. And there *are* castles on the banks."

Harris the impetuous moved uneasily.

"What I'm trying to get at," continued the old man, "is this: A human *might* live so close to nature and so far away from the mean little things of his own kind that he would sort of get in touch with the music of the hills and the rivers and the deserts. Then maybe nature would talk to him. Somehow, son, I feel that this old earth *lives!*"

"But the river," urged the painter gently; "were you going to tell us something about the river, Bob?"

Mitchell laughed. "Sure."

"Go to it," said Harris. "Give us a lot of action; you can't put philosophy in a newspaper."

"The river has a keen sense of humor—and of justice."

"I'm so nervous!" said Harris.

The old man reflected: "Remember Sheriff Greenway, of Brewster county?" He turned to me. I nodded. Then for the benefit of the others: "Old Greenway had a shack in the valley below El Paso. River's the boundary from El Paso down. Season by season it swings back and forth across the valley. It was Greenway's boast that his shack had been in Mexico and in Texas eight times. Once it was right on the line." The old fellow shook with silent laughter. "That's the only time it ever moved. Greenway swam out. The river plays strange tricks; I'll tell you:

"Good many years ago a small bunch of 'Mormons' hired me to go with them from Austin to the Gila. We hit the Rio Grande at Del Rio, but moved north again, because Garcia, with a band of bad Mexicans, was out on a rampage. There was women and children in our crowd, so we couldn't count on much of a fight. At Ft. Davis we heard of him again. He's across the line and the few people in the Big Bend are on the run. For safety we went north of the Cerro Altos. Comin' down the West bench from the hills we could see two or three columns of smoke, which I took to be burning ranch houses near Ysleta, twenty miles south; and I knew the wily Mexican wasn't far off.

"We hurried across the valley. Middle of the afternoon, when we stopped at the abandoned Stateline Ranch for water, we could see, far to the South, the dust cloud of a body of horsemen. It couldn't be none but Garcia. I told the whiskered old patriarch who seemed to be bossin' the gang that we had a hard run and a harder fight ahead of us. He said we'd try the run first, and then if we had to fight we'd fight. There was half a dozen sturdy, clear-eyed young fellows who didn't take to runnin' much, but I explained to them that we could make a better fight from the far bank where we could pick 'em off as they came out of the river.

"So we ran; right over yonder divide and down here to the Chamborino Crossing. The stream was then on the West side of the valley, about three miles from here. Except in flood time Chamborino is a ford crossing; but flood time can happen any minute in the Rio Grande. A heavy dew on the Spanish Peaks can start a flood in the Rio.

"We beat it across the wooded valley; the wagons tippin' and bumpin'; men poundin' the leather to the tired horses;

women sniffin' a little, and kids yellin'. I'd grown fond of the children—sweet kids, and well behaved. Of an evening in the moonlight they'd climb around on me and I'd tell 'em stories. Kinder took me back. They're gentle people—'Mormons.'

"I was some anxious. If we had time to cross, we had a chance; but a fight in the bosque—nothing to it but murder. So we hurried. I knew seven men in that bunch who could put up a fair scrap. Besides, there was four old men, seven women and a dozen kids. The six young huskies were nervous—kept lookin' back; but not the kind of nervous a man is who's afraid of a fight. Far from it. They're *lookin'* for Mexicans. I was proud of those boys. That's the breed that built the West, son; it's the only breed that *could* 'a done it.

"Then we come to the river." The old man studied the fire, now down to a bed of glowing coals.

"Well," questioned Harris the practical; "didn't you expect to find it?"

"She was brimful, and eatin' into the bank like a steam shovel. Only a bird could 'a crossed it. And Garcia—Garcia is not more 'n five miles behind us. We unhitched and arranged the wagons in a sort of barricade. The old gentleman with the whiskers came to me. 'I guess we have to fight?' 'A good guess,' I said. 'Then we'll fight no less for a little prayer.'

"'Go as far as you like,' I told him.

"So they all got down on their knees; with some of the kids still whimperin' a little, and the young men nervously fingerin' their guns. The fine old Patriarch lifted up his arms and his face and his voice. I felt kinder out of place, but I got down too.

"His voice was rich and deep and easy to hear above the roar of that treacherous river. Surprised, I caught myself listenin' to him. He wasn't askin' for help. Not that old gent; though I'd 'a been.

"The sun was just goin' down; I remember hearin' the faint call of a bird. The old man's prayer rose higher and higher. He's askin' forgiveness for things he'd done and forgot about; he's askin' for strength to die like a man. He's wastin' time—he already had that. Gradually his voice seemed to rise 'way above the flood. I felt funny—his prayer seemed to fill the earth. Everything else had stopped to listen. I listened in a sort of trance.

"All at once a half grown girl gave a little startled cry, and a woman screamed—shrill and terrified—like she'd seen something unnatural:

"'It's gone! My God—it's gone!'

"She *had* seen something. I looked up. Sure as you're a

foot high the river was gone. Nothin' was left of that yellow flood but a broad flat belt of wet sand. Then I heard the old man finish his prayer:

“We thank thee.” The unnatural was the naturalest thing in the world to him.

“One of the young fellows caught my arm; his face was one big question mark.

“The son-of-a-gun cut it above us; that's all,” I explained. ‘She's goin' down the other side of the valley.’

“Hope it caught 'em,” he said with a grin.

“So we crossed the Rio Grande—in flood—and never wet a foot.

“We skirted the Lanark Hills, went through the gap at Santa Rita, passed north of Silver City, and dropped down into the Gila Valley, where I left them. The kids cried a little—and some of the women, too. The old man gave me a kind of a blessin', and said he hoped some day to see me in the Church. A good man went out when that old codger passed over.”

Mitchell reflected for a moment.

“Is that all?”

“Enough, ain't it?” The scout turned a face, the sharp lines of which were slightly softened by the shadows of retrospection, to Harris.

“Did the river get him—Garcia?”

“No; he hadn't reached the valley yet. But *I* got him. Many a night I pictured the scene as it would 'a been if Garcia's band had caught us in the bosque; and the more I thought of the kids, and the gentle, patient women, the surer I was I could do this world a favor by getting that Mexican out of it. Brewster County had put a price on his head. I hunted up Old Greenway at San Jacinto, and he deputized me. One moonlight night Garcia crossed the river at Lajitas to see a pretty little Mexican girl near Terlingua. He sneaked into the jecal where he expected to find her. He found me there instead. I didn't try to bring him in alive.”

Mitchell turned toward the dark, whispering waters. “Somehow I got a feelin' for that old river—seemed kinder like it reached out and put an arm around us.”

Washington, D. C.

“*It costs far less*,” said Cavour, the great Italian statesman, “to give good direction to a hundred boys than to repair the ills of a single man not having the benefits of education and instruction.”—*Humane Education Press Bureau*.

“*A thousand cases of cruelty* can be prevented by *Human Education* for every one that can be prevented by prosecution. Far better the fence at the top of the precipice than the ambulance at the bottom.”—*Geo. T. Angell*.

Scouting in the Y. M. C. M. I. A.

(From the *Boy Scout Bulletin*)

The Scout Promise

Before he becomes a scout a boy must promise:
On my honor I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law;
2. Help other people at all times;
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A Scout is Trustworthy.

A scout's honor is to be trusted. If he violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge.

2. A Scout is Loyal.

He is loyal to all whom loyalty is due; his scout leader, his home and parents, and country.

3. A Scout is Helpful.

He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least *one good turn for somebody every day*.

4. A Scout is Friendly.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout.

5. A Scout is Courteous.

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people and the weak and helpless. *He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.*

6. A Scout is Kind.

He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A Scout is Obedient.

He obeys his parents, scoutmaster, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A Scout is Cheerful.

He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. A Scout is Thrifty.

He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way; be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

10. A Scout is Brave.

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up

for the right against the coaxing of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies; and defeat does not down him.

11. A Scout is Clean.

He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits; and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A Scout is Reverent.

He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

Scout Motto: "Be Prepared."

Scouting

Scouting develops the power of initiative and resourcefulness.

It helps boys.

It insures good citizenship.

It takes the boy at the time of life when he is beset with the new and bewildering experience of adolescence, and diverts his thoughts therefrom to wholesome and worth-while activities.

"Doing is learning," and when a scout, in the formative stage of his life, has this lesson thoroughly impressed upon his mind, he has learned to be resourceful. The simple, help-yourself experience which a scout receives in his impressionable years prepares him to meet emergencies covering the entire range of his life.

In scouting the boy does not stand still. Opportunities and incentive for progress are always at hand.

He first becomes a tenderfoot, then a second class scout, and then a first class scout. After this the whole sphere of the scout program is made available by the boy's own application, in qualifying himself to pass the tests of the various merit badges.

A boy adopts a hobby with the same zest that he plays tennis or football, and that hobby may become his trade. In other words, a boy has thus transferred his efforts from idle play or harmful mischief to vital achievement. And when the boy has learned to think constructively, through the agency of play, his problems are greatly simplified and his life more worth the living.

Sunday

The General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. is opposed to the scouts taking hikes on the Sabbath day, or using that day for the return from a hike or week-end encampment, assured that it is not in harmony with the Lord's command requiring us to keep the Sabbath day holy. If a troop is on a hike or encampment which includes Sunday, the day should be observed with proper exercises, and the daily program outlined so that the scouts will be made to feel the sacredness of the day.

Tobacco

The standard set by the M. I. A. is that no person shall be chosen a scout official who uses tobacco. If there are any scouts in the troop using tobacco, their attention shall be called to the Scout Promise, in which the scout has promised to keep himself physically clean. If the scout will show an inclination to try to overcome the habit, and his actions are consistent with his promise to try, he should be given every encouragement by the scout master. Where he wilfully disregards his promise and does not try to discontinue the habit within a reasonable time, he should be suspended from the troop until he can conform to the rule requiring that scouts of the Y. M. M. I. A. shall not use tobacco.

If he still continues, he should be dropped from the troop. It is suggested, even then, that the scout master continue his efforts with the scout until he has accomplished a reform.

Scout Work in the Church

Scouting has been made part of the Mutual Improvement Association work, and is, therefore, not an independent organization, but is under the control and management of the Y. M. M. I. A. According to a ruling made by the First Presidency this work is not to be taken up by any other organization of the Church. As a part of the M. I. A. work, scouting must receive the same attention and supervision from the stake and ward officers as any other part of the Mutual program.

The Church. Boy scout work is handled through the Junior Committee of the General Board.

The Board employs an M. I. A. Field Secretary, at present Dr. John H. Taylor, whose duty it is to visit stakes and wards in the interest of scout work as well as all other Y. M. M. I. A. activities and give help in any way, either through visits or correspondence.

Dr. Taylor has been granted a special field scout commissioner's certificate from the National Organization, which entitles him to represent the National Organization as their commissioner among all the organizations of the M. I. A. scouts.

All organization and business matters connected with the scouts will be done through him, in order to maintain uniformity and to enable the General Board to keep a record of what is being done by the different stakes in scout work. Address Dr. John H. Taylor, 406 Church Office Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Organization

Stake. A deputy Stake Scout Commissioner should be appointed to supervise the scout work of the stake. His relationship to the Stake Superintendent should at all times be the same as that of any other member of the stake board.

On application to our General Office he can register with the National Organization as a Special Field Deputy Commissioner. Before making this application there should be at least two troops of scouts from his stake registered with the National Organization. This indicates from a national standpoint that the Deputy Commissioner has troops to supervise, and that they can expect additional enrollments because of his appointment. Because of his appointment from the stake he has authority to direct the scout work of the stake with or without appointment from the National Organization. By also having national appointment he is entitled to represent the National Organization which gives him national standing with registered troops and entitles him to all of the privileges of that organization.

Assistant Deputy Stake Commissioners. Assistant Deputy Stake Commissioners may be appointed in a stake where more than one man is needed to carry on the work. The number of registered troops in a stake should be a guide as to the number of registered scout officials needed. His duties are the same as the Deputy Commissioner's, except that he does his work under the supervision of the Deputy Commissioner.

The Ward Scoutmaster. The scoutmaster is the keyman in the whole scouting program. His ideals, his inspiration, his help, in directing scout activities, his companionship—without these there could be no scouting. To help boys into high ideals and good citizenship is a great

privilege. The scout master is chosen by Y. M. M. I. A. ward presidency, and is, like a class leader, an M. I. A. ward officer. This officer of the ward organization is in immediate charge of the boys. He may or may not be the junior teacher. He must be at least twenty-one years of age, and should be chosen because of good moral character and interest in the development of boys. He should be genuine in his own life, have the natural ability to lead, and should command the boys' respect and obedience.

All commissions for scout masters are issued by the National Council upon the recommendation of the Y. M. M. I. A. Field Secretary.

Assistant Scout Masters. Each troop has one or more assistant scout masters. They must be at least eighteen years of age. It is the assistant's duty to take the place of the scout master in the latter's absence and to perform any duties that may be assigned to him by the scout master. He is often selected and promoted from the scout ranks because of his experience, training, and having demonstrated his ability as a leader in scouting.

Troop Committee. A troop committee of at least three is required for each ward, and the Scout Master's application blank cannot be sent to National Headquarters unless it contains the signatures of this committee.

The troop committee shall be responsible for:

1. The selection of a scout master and one or more assistant scout masters.
2. Providing proper facilities for meetings.
3. Advising with the scout master from time to time on questions of policy affecting the proper interpretation of scouting and the requirements of the institution with which the troop is connected.
4. The observance of the rules and regulations of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.
5. Encouraging the scout master and his assistants and the members of the troop in carrying out the boy scout program.
6. The operation of the troop in such a way as to insure its permanency.
7. The finances, including the securing of adequate support and the proper disbursements of funds.
8. The troop property.
9. Securing suitable opportunity for the members of the troop to spend one or more weeks annually in camp, with adequate facilities and supervision.
10. Assuming active direction of the troop in case of the inability of the scout master to serve, until his successor has been appointed and commissioned.

As these duties pertain to the M. I. A. ward presidency, and the scout work being under their direction, the personnel of this committee should be as follows: The presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A.; or, members of the presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A., and members of the bishopric; or, a member of the presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and two or more Church members who are interested in scouting and are willing to devote a part of their time in making it a success.

The Scout Troop. Boy scouts are organized in patrols and troops. A patrol consists of eight boys, one of whom becomes patrol leader and another assistant patrol leader.

A troop consists of not more than four patrols. By special permission the number may be increased.—From the *Boy Scout Bulletin*. Send for copies. It tells the whole story of scouting. Price 15c. Order from *Improvement Era*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Thrilling Experience

By A. B. Call

It was while we were eating dinner, November 14, 1914, that a bunch of "Red Flaggers," nineteen in number, eighteen men and one woman, under command of Tomas Perez, called at our home and asked for a corral that would accomodate fifty horses, and hay and grain to feed them. I took them to the Tithing yard, but Perez said he wanted a place where his men could sleep, and a well where he could get water for his horses. I took them to Farnsworth & Romney's store, which seemed exactly to suit him. I sent my team with six Hec. of corn on the cob, this being the amount he demanded. I left them just before sundown, with instructions to come back early in the morning.

That evening most of the people had been invited to the home of Fenley Merrell, the occasion being the marriage of Ernest Merrell and Verna Moffett. We expected to have had a dance that night, but on account of the presence of the "Red Flaggers," it was not considered wise to indulge that evening.

According to agreement, I went to the store early next morning. Perez greeted me very cordially, said he wanted to talk with me privately, and suggested that we go into the store. Accordingly, I unlocked the door, and he and I went in. During the talk he asked me if I knew anything about who gave Villa the information of the presence here of Jose Parra, who was captured and executed by orders of Gen. Villa. I assured him that I knew nothing of the matter. Whereupon he said that he had information that it was a "Mormon," an American, and a Mexican. I still maintained that I knew nothing of the affair. He finally told me that he did not know who the two former persons were, but that he had reliable information who the "Mormon" was. I asked him who he was, and to my surprise he told me that it was I, that he had instructions from his superior officer to come here and investigate the matter, and if he learned who the guilty parties were either to execute them or bring them to him and he would do it. He said his commanding officer was Gen. Castillo, and that I could consider myself under arrest. He immediately placed three armed men to guard me. I still protested and maintained my innocence, but to no avail. He told me to go home under guard of the three men, get a mount and accompany him to Gen. Castillo.

On arriving at our home I learned that three armed men had been to arrest me, but could not because I was not there. During my preparation to go with them, my guard did not allow me to get out of their sight, but followed me from room to room, always with gun in hand. After saddling my mule, I told them I was ready. I kissed my folks good-by, and with tears streaming down their faces, I mounted my mule, not knowing my fate, but trusting in the Lord for deliverance. On reaching the store yard I found quite a crowd of the brethren congregated, and that Wm. H. Young was also under arrest. I learned that he was arrested for not turning over to the bandits a gun which he had borrowed from Josiah F. Spencer.

We were soon ready to march. Will and I were allowed to ride side by side, about mid-way of the company. We stopped about an hour at the station and then went on over to Casas Grandes, where we unsaddled and put our horses in a corral and fed them hay and grain. Will and I were placed in one of the rooms belonging to Manual Hernandez, just south of the Plaza, and joining the hall in which our missionaries have been holding meetings recently.

Here Will and I had a chance to talk during the afternoon. I advised him to turn over the gun and go home to his sorrowing wife and children. Finally we sent for Perez and asked him on what terms Will would be released. He said he would allow him to go home on his promise to return next morning by sunrise with the gun. Will promised and about sundown was released. I think I never had such a lonesome feeling come to me as I had when I saw him ride away, leaving me alone with that bunch of unprincipled men, who were drinking heavily, and darkness just approaching.

Shortly after dark I prepared my bed, which consisted of a saddle blanket, and a blanket I had tied on my saddle when leaving home, and my overcoat. They kept a candle burning in the hall all night. About ten o'clock the guard had become thoroughly intoxicated. This naturally increased my fear of violence, and at midnight, when the guard was changed, I heard the outgoing guard tell the one who was coming on that I was the man who had given Villa the information about Jose Parra, and that if I moved, to shoot me like a dog. This did not add to my comfort. Be assured that I did not move much. And oh, how hard that floor got before morning!

I asked Perez the night before for some supper, but I got none. The next morning Toribio G. Galindo called on me and asked me if I needed anything. He also asked me if I had had anything to eat. I told him I had not. He left me, but soon returned with some breakfast. While I was eating, he told me

to be cheerful, that he and others were doing all they could to secure my release. About an hour later he returned to me and said his mission to Perez had been fruitless, that Perez said he was not at liberty to release me, for he was under orders from Gen. Castillo to either shoot me or deliver me to him.

Soon after talking with Mr. Galindo, Will Young, accompanied by Marley Black, arrived with the gun and some provisions for me. I told them of my experience during the night, and of the conversation with Mr. Galindo. Marley immediately sought Perez and had a long talk with him, after which he came to me and told me to be of good cheer for Perez had offered to release me on the payment of 10,000 pesos. This was good news to me, for I knew then that I was being held, not for communicating the whereabouts of Jose Parra to Villa, but for the ransom Perez hoped to get out of my friends; but I did not know to what length he would go to obtain it. Shortly after this Prest. J. C. Bentley came from Colonia to try and secure my release (my friends in Colonia Dublan having sent him word of my being carried off). He and Marley Black again sought Perez, who by this time had reduced the amount of the ransom desired to five thousand pesos. I also talked with Perez, who told me that I could borrow the amount from my many Mexican friends, many of whom had importuned him for my release. I explained to him that we had no money, as all our crops had been taken by the "Red Flaggers," leaving us practically nothing with which to support our families.

About eleven o'clock he ordered us to saddle up and move. We only went as far as the ranch of Don Jacobo Anchondo, just above Casas Grande when we again pitched camp and took our abode for the night. It rained nearly all night, but we were in the house and dry.

Next morning we broke camp about nine and continued our march to the south, stopping at San Diego, where we took possession of the mansion of Don Luis Terrazas. Immediately after our arrival, they rounded up a beef and killed a fat cow. Soon after we had eaten, and nearly the whole company was asleep, some shots were heard in the vicinity of Pearson. This caused considerable excitement, horses were hastily saddled and men hastened, gun in hand, to the scene of the shooting. It was found, however, that it was nothing but some of the Pearson people shooting rabbits. During the afternoon two men were brought in, having been caught, it was said, in the act of killing cattle for their hides alone. This angered Perez very much, and there was talk of executing them, but to my knowledge there was nothing done about it.

I had another talk with Perez, during the afternoon, and

he told me if I could raise one thousand pesos he would release me. I told him it was out of the question, that both the colonies (Dublan and Juarez) could not raise that amount. Just in the evening Perez sent for me and instructed me to make my bed by the side of his trusted lieutenant. This being done, the guard was put on for the first watch with instructions to call us at three o'clock the next morning. I had noticed Perez and his lieutenant hold a conversation in an undertone, and my fears were aroused. I thought perhaps that they were talking of what disposition to make of me. My fears were well founded, for when the watch changed, at three o'clock, I was ordered to get up. I asked what we were going to do. I got up and commenced to roll up my bed, when I was told that I need not do it, for I would never need it again, but was ordered to follow. We went out to the west. I asked what they were going to do, when I was informed that I was to be executed. How vividly, came to my mind a letter from Elder A. W. Ivins, of the Council of the Twelve, in which he seemed to foresee what some of us would have to pass through, in trying to hold our possessions in this land, wherein he said among other things: "They may rob you of all you possess, and put you to every test that the adversary of all righteousness can imagine, but they shall not have power to take your life." I clung tenaciously to this promise, yet I was very much frightened, and when we reached a large cotton-wood tree, I was asked if I desired to have my eyes tied or if I preferred to keep them open. I told the four men who had come to do the job that I had no choice in the matter, that I was not here of my own choice, and that they could do as they pleased. I was placed with my back against the tree, and the firing squad stepped off four paces, cocked their guns and leveled them at me. They had thrown cartridges into their guns before leaving the house. My time seemed almost to an end, but I prayed all the time and told the Lord of the promise of his servant, a great many times. Then the lieutenant counted "una, dos," and just as I thought he was going to say "tres," he asked me what I was willing to do. I asked him what he wanted me to do. He said: "Make us a proposition." I told him I was willing to go to Colonia Juarez and try to raise one or two hundred pesos. He said he would submit my proposition to Perez in the morning, but gave no assurance that he would accept it, and that he might carry out the sentence at sunrise.

Morning came, and I was taken before Perez, to whom I made the same proposition. After a short consultation, they told me that they would accept my offer and would send three men with me to Colonia Juarez and bring back the money.

Consequently, we started for Colonia Juarez. On arriving we went to the Tithing office, where we sent for Prest. Bently, I told him my story. He immediately called a few of the brethren together and they went from house to house for subscriptions, and soon returned with the coveted amount—200 pesos. This was paid to the lieutenant, and he shook hands with me and bade me an affectionate (?) farewell.

I rode home that afternoon, finding my family very anxious and glad to see me alive.

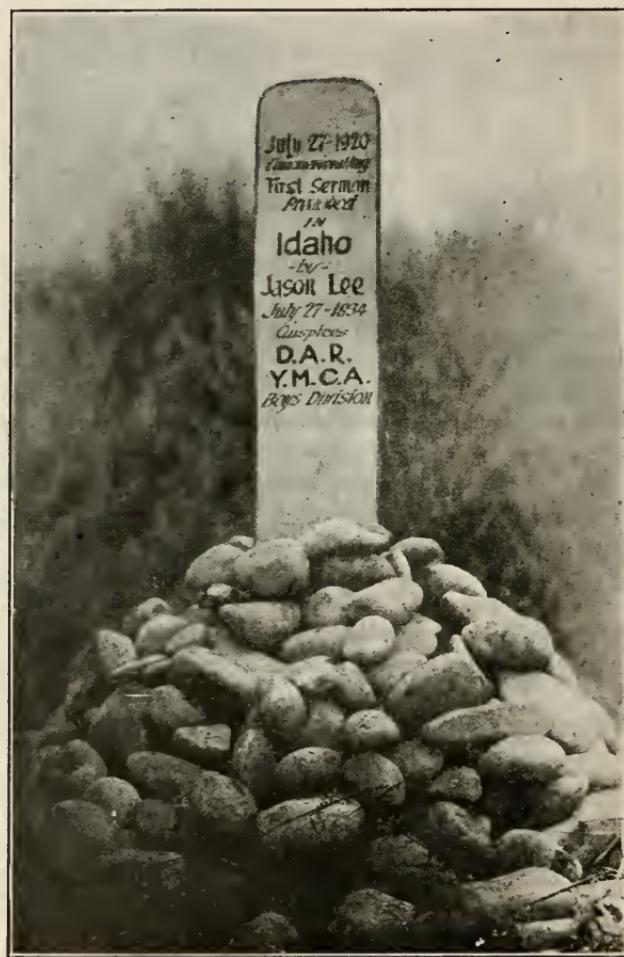
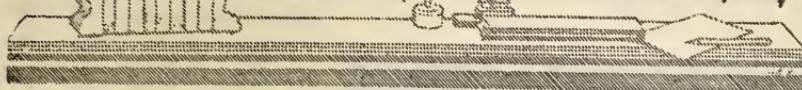


Photo by Sweet, Pocatello, Idaho.

CAIRN AT FORT HALL

Erected July 27, 1920, and commemorating the first sermon preached in Idaho, by Jason Lee, July 27, 1834, located on the Oregon Trail, pioneer route, near Pocatello, Idaho. Courtesy of Hyrum Kay.

EDITORS TABLE



Important Changes in Church Offices

Several important changes of the officers of the Church, were made in the regular weekly meeting of the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve Apostles, held Thursday, March 10, 1921.

The vacancy caused by the death of President Anthon H. Lund was filled by the advancement of President Charles W. Penrose to be First Counselor in the First Presidency.

The vacancy caused by the advancement of President Charles W. Penrose was filled by the appointment of Elder Anthony W. Ivins, of the Council of the Twelve, as Second Counselor in the First Presidency.

Elder Rudger Clawson, who had served as acting President of the Council of the Twelve, was chosen President of that body, succeeding President Anthon H. Lund. The brethren were set apart in each instance by President Heber J. Grant.

President Charles W. Penrose has been a member of the First Presidency since 1911, when he was chosen as second counselor by the late President Joseph F. Smith, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Henry Smith. After the death of President Smith, November 19, 1918, he was again chosen to act as second counselor to President Heber J. Grant. President Penrose has been associated with the Church, in missionary, literary and official pursuits, as long as most of us can remember. He was born February 4, 1832, in Camberwell, London, England, and from early youth up to the present time has been connected, in many leading positions, with the Church and the development of the West. In his 89th year, he is still hale and hearty, taking an active part in the forefront of Church and civil affairs in the community.

President Anthony W. Ivins was born September 16, 1852, in New Jersey, and came with his parents to Utah, in 1853, settling with the family in southern Utah, in 1861. He is an early traveler in Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico—a genuine scout of pioneer times, whose visits to the various tribes of Indians in early days, in the great south-west, aided in establishing friendly relations between them and the whites. He was a member of an expedition sent out to this region by President Young, in

1875, and again in 1878. He went to the Navajo and Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico in 1882. He did missionary work among the Mexican people; and in 1895 took charge of

the interests of the Church in Mexico, becoming the President of the Juarez stake, where he stood at the head of the religious and industrial activities of the Church, and is still in active touch with all the affairs of the colonies, being an authority on Mexican affairs. He has seen service in southern Utah Indian wars, held many civil offices, and served in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention. In educational affairs he is very active, being at this time President of the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College of Utah. He has been associated with the Y. M. M. I. A. from early days in St. George, where he was president of one of the wards. Later he acted as stake superintendent, and member of the high council, and counselor in the stake presidency. He was ordained an apostle in 1907, was appointed, in 1918, the General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., succeeding



President Anthony W. Ivins

President Joseph F. Smith. He is interested in a number of banks, and is National committeeman, for Utah, of the Boy Scouts of America. His selection to the position of second counselor in the First Presidency received general approval, and

everybody concedes that a wiser or more satisfactory choice could not have been made.

President Rudger Clawson was chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve in 1898, and is the senior member of the quorum. Since President Grant's incumbency, he has been acting President of the Council of the Twelve. He was born March 18, 1857, in Salt Lake City. He was chosen President of the Box Elder stake of Zion, in 1887. He is at present a member of the Church Board of Education, and First Assistant Superintendent of the General Board of Religion classes.

The Council of the Twelve, on Thursday, March 17, 1921, chose Dr. John A. Widtsoe to fill the vacancy in the Council of the Twelve Apostles, caused through the placing of Anthony W. Ivins in the First Presidency of the Church. Dr. Widtsoe was ordained by President Heber J. Grant. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith was also chosen Church Historian and General Church Recorder, at the same meeting, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of President Anthon H. Lund.—A.

In Memory of President Anthon H. Lund

As members of the General Board, Y. M. M. I. A., with whom President Anthon H. Lund was connected for years in the labor of supervising the young men's organizations of the Church, we express these sentiments of our hearts concerning this kind and good man who, through his genial, whole-souled, cheerful, tactful, courteous leadership and conduct, so deeply endeared himself to our whole membership.

We recognize in him a true and faithful servant of God whose activities from early childhood until his glorious passing, covered countless duties at home and in many lands and climes—always having in view service and helpfulness to the great cause for which he devoted his life and energies, and to the large numbers of people with whom he came in contact. This attitude molded his career and glorified his life. Smiles and soothing words were natural to him. Always he seemed to see the silver lining to every mist, the rising sun turning the dark clouds into gold.

Born on the peninsula of northern Denmark, May 15, 1844, he was early deprived of his mother who died when he was three and one-half years old. His father was drafted into the army and he was given into the care of his grandmother who saw to his education in which he made unusual advancement, particularly in English and Bible study. She joined the Church in 1853, when the lad was nine years of age, and he thus became familiar with the "Mormon" faith and was baptized on May 15,

1856. From that time on, he rose rapidly in the offices of the Church in his native land, and on his arrival in Utah, September 23, 1862, his faith and enthusiasm were as bright as ever, his labors as diligent, and his advancement was as sure.

It would take more space than can be here allotted even to name the varied business, industrial, educational, religious and other positions of honor and trust which he held. His busy, progressive, and useful life, from childhood to his death, is an inspirational impetus to every young man in the land, and to all those who come after him. His example must help all the members of the Y. M. M. I. A. to do their duties, to face their responsibilities with courage and fidelity, as faithfully, industriously and whole-heartedly as he did, because he did his work and did it well. In the midst of physical labor, he was a student not only of books, but of the great problems of life and human nature, involving both the now and the hereafter.

In his life and record of achievement there stands a striking illustration of a man's rising to place, influence, power and importance, though born and reared in circumstances which, at least in theory, seemed to preclude such advancement.

President Lund gave to every interest his very best, and though through his years of playtime, his shoulders often bore the responsibilities of older age, he made no complaints, but met every hardship with a smile, a spirit invincible, with heart and hand held out in helpfulness to all with whom he came in contact.

In his extensive mission work abroad, he was the ideal of the Saints. At home, as a member of the Council of the Twelve, and the First Presidency, his loyal friendship, wise counsel, earnestness and tact, his conservative action, sympathetic advice and splendid service, in matters religious and secular, exercised a powerful influence for good among the people of the Church. To the Saints generally, and to the thousands of converts from Scandinavia and other foreign lands he was a father whose love and kindness will be held in remembrance while life shall last. Everywhere he has thousands of friends, because he was indeed a friend to all, bearing enmity to none.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his good wife and to our co-worker in the General Board, his son, Henry C. Lund, and all the other members of the bereaved family whose sorrow, though great, must be sweetly ameliorated with the pleasant thought that such a man of God was companion, husband, and father to them.

We shall greatly miss him. In every room and hallway of the Church Office Building there is a feeling that a great Pres-

ence has gone out, and this sentiment extends to the Church workers and people, young and old, in every city, town, and hamlet of the Church.

God bless his memory and prolong it among the people.

In behalf of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.,

Anthony W. Ivins,

Brigham H. Roberts,

Richard R. Lyman,

General Superintendency, Y. M. M. I. A.

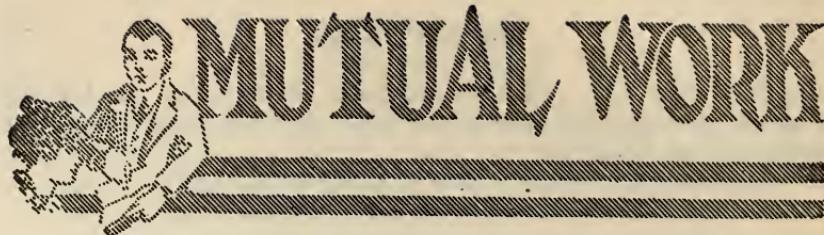
Messages from the Missions

A Place of Worship Wanted

John C. Smith, Detroit, Michigan, says: "We are grateful to report that the Detroit branch is steadily and solidly growing. Although one of the largest in this mission, it is yet without a Church building of its own. Every faithful member is hopefully and earnestly working to the end that the very near future will bring them a place of worship, something they have long desired and sorrowfully needed. Labor conditions here in the city have humbled our friends to a very receptive spirit for the gospel truths, and we hope for a very palpable success during the coming year.



Missionaries left to right, front: LeRoy P. Deem, Lydia Kunz, Bryan L. Bunker, Michigan conference president; Hazel Frank. Center row: Fred L. Adams, John C. Smith, Moroni J. Uri. Back row: Dan Boyce, Emron H. Jones.



MUTUAL WORK

Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, FEBRUARY, 1921

STAKE	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pr'g'm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M.I.A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach-Tr.Cl	TOTAL
<i>Utah</i>											
Alpine	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	70
Bear River	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	10	90
Beaver	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	60
Benson	10	10	5	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	70
Box Elder	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	90
Cache	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	5	10	10	75
Cottonwood	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	60
Deseret	10	5	5	5	5	10	10	10	5	5	70
Duchesne	10	5	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	70
Ensign	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	10	90
Granite	5	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	5	75
Hyrum	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	85
Jordan	10	5	10	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	65
Juab	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	10	85
Kanab	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	85
Liberty	5	5	5	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	75
Millard	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	10	5	10	45
Morgan (Jan.)	10	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	55
Nebo (7-9)	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	90
North Davis	5	5	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	60
North Sanpete	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	85
North Weber	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	85
Ogden	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	10	80
Panguitch	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	45
Pioneer	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	5	85
Roosevelt	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	75
Salt Lake	5	5	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	5	80
San Juan	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	10	10	5	55
Sevier	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	5	10	10	90
Summit	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	80
Tintic	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	5	10	10	85
Uintah	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	65
Wasatch	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	5	5	10	80
Weber	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	10	80
<i>Idaho</i>											
Bannock	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	50
Bear Lake	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	70
Bingham	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	10	10	5	70
Blackfoot	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	65
Blaine	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	75
Boise	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	85
Cassia	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	10	85

STAKE	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pt gm	Scout Work	Slogan	“Era”	Fund	Participation in M.I.A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr. Class	TOTAL
Franklin	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	85
Fremont	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	10	5	75
Idaho	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	70
Malad	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	70
Montpelier	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	75
Oneida	10	10	5	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	75
Pocatello	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	5	85
Portneuf	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	5	75
Rigby	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	60
Shelley (6-8).....	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	75
Teton	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	60
Twin Falls.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	10	65
Yellowstone	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	10	10	85
<i>Arizona</i>											
Maricopa	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	90
St. Joseph.....	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	50
Snowflake	10	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	5	65
<i>Wyoming</i>											
Big Horn.....	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	80
Star Valley (inc.)..	10	5	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	65
<i>Colorado</i>											
San Luis.....	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	75
Young (3-5).....	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	85
<i>Canada</i>											
Taylor	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	70
Moapa (Nev. Jan.)..	10	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	5	60
Union (Ore.).....	10	1	0	5	10	5	10	10	10	70

Stakes Classified as per Points

Nebo	90	North Weber	85	Montpelier	75	Blackfoot	65
Sevier	90	Pocatello	85	Portneuf	75	Twin Falls	65
Maricopa	90	Young	85	Shelley	75	Snowflake	65
Bear River	90	Big Horn	80	San Luis	75	Star Valley	65
Box Elder	90	Ogden	80	Alpine	70	Beaver	60
Ensign	90	Salt Lake	80	Benson	70	Cottonwood	60
Franklin	85	Summit	80	Deseret	70	North Davis	60
Pioneer	85	Weber	80	Duchesne	70	Moapa, Jan.	60
Kanab	85	Wasatch	80	Bear Lake	70	Rigby	60
Boise	85	Cache	75	Bingham	70	Teton	60
Tintic	85	Oneida	75	Idaho	70	Morgan, Jan.	55
Cassia	85	Granite	75	Malad	70	San Juan	55
Yellowstone	85	Liberty	75	Taylor	70	Bannock	50
Hyrum	85	Roosevelt	75	Union	70	St. Joseph	50
Juab	85	Blaine	75	Jordan	65	Millard	45
North Sanpete	85	Fremont	75	Uintah	65	Panguitch	45

Logan 55; South Sanpete 60, too late for classification.

Not Heard From

Burley	Juarez	Utah	Parowan
Curlew	Carbon	Wayne	St. George
St. Johns	Emery	Raft River	South Davis
Woodruff	Moapa, (Feb.)	Morgan, (Feb.)	Lost River
Alberta	Tooele		



M. I. A. OFFICERS, OAKLAND, CALA.

The names of the persons in the picture follow: Left to right, front row: Sarah Price, second counselor; Martha Fitzpatrick, first counselor; Annaleon Davis, president (Y.L.); Supt. Claude C. Cornwall of the Californian mission mutuals; President Heber J. Grant; President Joseph W. McMurrin, of the Californian mission, Elder J. Golden Kimball, Velma Daniels, assistant secretary of Y. L., Edna Phillips, secretary of Y. L.; Arvilla Daniels, organist. Second row, left to right, standing: Charles Olsen, assistant secretary of Y. M. M. I. A.; James Stoker, secretary of Y. M. M. I. A.; Earl Phillips, second counselor; John Larson, president; Albert Fitzpatrick, first counselor Y. M. M. I. A.; Josephine Larson, program committee, President W. W. Richards of the San Francisco conference; L. B. Price, advisory board.

M. I. A. Convention of San Francisco, Conference

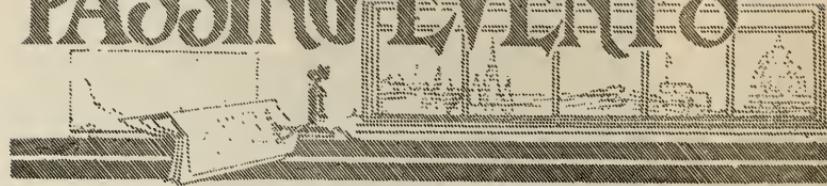
Elder Van Grant writing from Los Angeles, California, February 23, says: "This picture was taken on the 6th of February, and is of the Mutual Improvement officers of the Oakland branch of the California mission. The occasion was the M. I. A. Convention of the San Francisco conference held at San Francisco on the 6th. President Heber J. Grant, President Joseph W. McMurrin, and Elder J. Golden Kimball of the First Council of Seventy were in attendance. The convention was under the direction of Elder Claude C. Cornwall, Superintendent M. I. A. of this mission. These brethren all addressed the people at different times during the sessions of the day. The entire convention was marked by its lively spirit and manifested willingness of everyone in attendance to work unstintingly in the work of the Lord.

From Norwich, England

Elder Frank A. Alexander, president of the Norwich conference, and Arthur R. T. Phillips, clerk, write under date of January 6: "The *Era* is of great use to us missionaries laboring here in old England, and we gain from its pages many good thoughts and inspirations. Elder Phillips is a Londoner by birth, born in 1897. At the age of 18, he became an employee of the British admiralty. His duties carried him to many parts of the world. On his return, he was called on his mission and set apart by President George F. Richards. President Alexander was born in 1895, and baptized at the age of 8 years. Although in early life isolated for five years from the Church, he still bore a strong testimony of the truth and always, when opportunity arose, preached the gospel to his neighbors and assisted in leading a few souls into the Church. There are four branches in the Norwich conference, and in normal times, two or three elders were stationed in each of these; hence, one may guess that these two elders are kept very busy. The conference is progressing, and many are investigating and attending the meetings because of the integrity of the local brethren who preside and conduct each branch; also the faithful lady missionaries, to whom much praise is due. There are seventeen lady missionaries in the conference who tract from door to door, lifting up their voices in defense of the gospel of Jesus Christ. They are doing a great work in warning their neighbors of the judgment that shall be visited on those who seek not the Lord."



PASSING EVENTS



Venus and the moon—the star and the crescent—in conjunction formed a pretty picture in the sky Saturday evening, February 12.

The National Woman's party passed out of existence, February 18, and a new organization, bearing the same name, was formed in Washington on that date. The object of the organization is the "removal of the legal disabilities of women in America."

An anti-cigarette bill was passed by the house of the Idaho legislature, February 25, by a vote of 33 to 19. It makes it unlawful to import for sale, to sell, or to give away cigarettes in the state. The bill, having passed the senate, was sent to the governor.

King George, in his speech from the throne, opening the session of the British parliament, February 15, deplored the situation in Ireland, referred to the coming conference in London between the Allies, Turkey and Germany, and expressed himself as favorably disposed toward a commercial treaty with Soviet Russia.

George Clancy, mayor of Limerick, Ireland, was killed in his home, March 17, and his wife was fatally shot at the same time. Michael O'Callaghan, a former mayor of the city, was also killed at his residence. It is supposed that the shootings were reprisals for the killing of Brigadier General Cumming, at Clonbanin, on March 5.

Negotiations over the German indemnity were broken off, March 7, when the British and French delegates at the London conference failed to receive satisfactory proposals from the German representatives. As a consequence, French, British, and Belgian troops on March 8, occupied the German cities of Duesseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort.

Across the continent in less than two days was the record of Pilot E. M. Allison, who arrived at Hazelhurst, N. Y. at 4:05 p. m., February 23. Mr. Allison, left San Francisco at 4:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, February 22. The time consumed in crossing the continent was 33 hours 20 minutes, beating by more than two hours the goal set for the coast to coast dash.

Lawrence C. Mariger passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. B. C. Palmer, Salt Lake City, February 14, at the age of 72 years. He was born in Aalborg, Denmark, October 8, 1848, and came to Salt Lake City in 1860. In 1900 he started the so-called "sight-seeing" business, operating by means of the street cars for many years. In 1910 he retired from active business.

The Lever Act is partly unconstitutional. The Supreme Court, February 28, so ruled regarding the sections under which the government stopped the coal strike of 1919, and subsequently launched its campaign to reduce the cost of living by prosecuting alleged hoarders and profiteers in food-stuffs and other necessities. Under this decision the cases against directors of the Utah-Idaho Sugar company were dismissed.

A Central American Unionist party came into existence, at a Unionist convention at Santa Ana, Salvador, February 14-17. Delegates were present from Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua, and the Mexican minister to Salvador also attended the sessions. Solidarity with the movement was indicated by Guatemalan representatives. The party, it was stated, proposes to gain its aims by peaceful means and not by force.

The Japanese government apologized to the Washington government for the killing of Lieutenant W. H. Langdon, of the American cruiser *Albany*, by a Japanese sentry, January 8, and ordered those responsible for the tragedy punished. The incident is therefore regarded as closed, according to an announcement published February 22, except for the question of reparation, which was still being considered at that date.

The European relief counsel received, according to the report of the chairman, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, published March 1, during the six weeks' campaign in Utah, \$77,145.55. Credited to Utah through other sources was \$11,986, making a total of \$89,135.55. Of the \$2,500 received from national headquarters for conducting the campaign, only \$1561.15 was expended for publicity, salaries, printing, stationery, postage, etc., leaving a balance to be returned to New York of \$938.85.

“Aunt Em” (Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells) celebrated the ninety-third anniversary of her birthday, February 28, with a public reception at Hotel Utah. Numbers of congratulatory cablegrams and telegrams from friends all over the world were received by Mrs. Wells. Presidents of the near-by stakes of the Church and general Relief Society board were in the receiving line. Music was furnished by the Cannon orchestra and the committee in charge of the affair was composed of Mrs. Donette S. Kesler, Mrs. Julia P. M. Farnsworth and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crismon.

Far-reaching changes in the Swedish constitution, in democratic spirit were adopted by the riksdag, February 1. By the new amendments, women are given political franchise, and are made eligible to both chambers of the national legislature, as well as to cabinet positions and other offices of state. Co-operation between the government and the legislative assembly is established in the conduct of foreign affairs, by the appointment of a commission on foreign relations by the riksdag. These are the chief changes made, and they indicate the progress of democracy in the world.

King Nicholas of Montenegro died at Antibes, France, March 1. The queen of Italy, daughter of Nicholas, was immediately advised of the death of her father. Nicholas I was born in 1841. He was proclaimed prince of Montenegro as successor to his uncle, Danilo I., in 1860, and assumed the title of king under a resolution adopted by the national skupština in 1910 on the fiftieth anniversary of his accession. During the war Montenegro participated on the side of the allies. Shortly after the armistice the assembly voted for the union of Montenegro with the kingdom of the Serbs.

The death of Professor George B. Hendricks, head of the School of Commerce, Utah Agricultural College, Logan, occurred at an early hour, February 3. Professor Hendricks was born in Lewiston, Utah, November 25, 1881, a son of B. A. Hendricks. He acquired his early education in the grade schools of Lewiston and was graduated from the B. Y. High School with the class of 1901. He afterward entered the collegiate department of the B. Y. C. and in 1903 won his Bachelor of Arts degree. He afterwards spent three years in the graduate school of Harvard where he won his Master of Arts degree in 1918. He was also for one quarter

a student in the University of Chicago Law school. For three years he was a member of the faculty of the B. Y. C. and was then called to the faculty of the U. A. C. He was head of the department of Finance and Banking until 1917 when he was made head of the school of Commerce and Business Administration. From July 18, 1918, until September 16, he was in training camp at Presidio, San Francisco, and then he was commissioned second lieutenant of infantry in the U. S. Army.

The universal Church fast day among the Latter-day Saints, on January 23, for the benefit of the General Relief funds resulted in the collection throughout the Church of \$109,834.42. On the 26th of February the following action was taken by the First Presidency in its distribution:

1. The amounts collected in Canada, Mexico, and in the Missions were remitted to President George Albert Smith, to be used for the poor and distressed Latter-day Saints in the European missions	\$ 5,516.21
2. A check was drawn in favor of the Near East Relief Fund for \$30,000 in favor of Treasurer John C. Cutler	30,000.00
3. There were donated \$6,000 for the Latter-day Saint poor of Armenia	6,000.00
4. There were added to the Utah fund the miscellaneous collections aggregating \$4,830.02, making the Utah fund, \$81,886.44 out of which there should be deducted \$36,000.00, leaving as follows	45,886.44
5. The donations from Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Wyoming, were remitted to the General European Relief Fund, for credit on account of each state.....	22,431.77
	\$109,834.42

Professor L. D. Edwards, died February 25, 1921, at La Grande, Oregon; funeral services were held in the stake tabernacle, February 27, Bishop Charles J. Black, presiding. The speakers were: John H. Eccles, James R. Smurthwaite and James W. Eardley of Baker ward, Stake President William D. Hanks, Counselor Lewis M. Jensen, and Bishop's Counselor George R. Lyman, all of La Grande. Musical exercises were a prominent feature of the services. Among the selections rendered were, "I know that my Redeemer lives," and "The teacher's work is done," Brother Edwards' own compositions.

Lewis D. Edwards was born in Aberdare, South Wales, April 1, 1856. He came to America when thirteen years of age, settling in Pennsylvania. In early life he showed musical promise, when he sang in one of the noted choirs of Luzerne county. Later, he went to the Boston Conservatory of Music. In 1876 he married Martha Stevens, of which union fifteen children have been born. In 1878 he moved to Willard City, Utah, arriving there on the first day of April, having been baptized and confirmed a member in the Church, the day previous, in Ogden. Here he met Elder Evan Stephens for the first time, and a friendship and association was formed between the two earnest and diligent students of music. Six months later he was called to labor on the Logan Temple. In 1879, having been called as a teacher of the Willard Primary class, he composed several songs suitable for Latter-day Saint children. In 1880 his active public career began; thereafter we hear of him leading choirs, orchestras, band and other musical organizations as well as exercising his talents as a composer. He was especially active in Ogden Central School and Weber county about this time. In 1900 he moved to Baker, Oregon, where he served as ward chorister for a number of years. Later he moved to La Grande, where he acted as director of the La Grande community chorus for two seasons, and at the

time of his death was stake chorister. Besides being a composer of a number of Sunday School songs, Church hymns and anthems, he has also acted as adjudicator in six Eisteddfods. As a contesting composer he has won a number of prizes and medals.

Besides his widow, Professor Edwards leaves the following children to mourn his loss: Mrs. Esther Welch of Centralia, Wash., Evan Stephens Edwards of Portland, Ore., Alfred E. of Chicago, Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, of Chehalis; Furus, of Chehalis; William, of Baker, and Miss Martha of La Grande. Last August a son, Captain Thomas Edwards, was killed in an aeroplane accident in Haiti.

The Southwick anti-cigaret bill, which was passed by the senate of the Utah legislature, February 3, by a vote of 14 to 3, was passed by the house, February 24, ayes 33, nays 13, and one absent. The law makes it unlawful in Utah to sell or give away and to advertise cigarettes and cigaret papers; to permit minors under 21 years of age to frequent places of business where tobacco in any form is used; to smoke in any inclosed public place, except in places specially provided for smokers. "Public place" includes dining rooms in hotels, restaurants, cafes, cafeterias, theaters, passenger elevators, street cars, interurban and railway passenger coaches, motor and other passenger vehicles employed as common carriers, railway station waiting rooms, barber shops, state, county, and city buildings. The law becomes effective ninety days after the governor has signed it.

Voting for the bill were:

Boswell	Henderson	Lyman	Seegmiller
Carey	Howell	Madsen	Sevy
Clawson	Imlay	Meeks	Soderberg
Clegg	Iverson	Morrison, A. W.	Stephens
Crook	Jorgensen	Norris	Swenson
Crouch	Killion	Parker	Thorne
Davis	Knight	Peterson	Winder
Finlinson	Lewis	Sander	Wood
Harris			

Those who voted against the measure were:

Day	McShane	Olson	Welch
Douglas	Mills	Quinney	Whitmore
Ivers	Morrison, S. W.	Rhees	Callister
McIntyre			

Governor Mabey signed the bill on March 8, with the remark that he believed it would be inoperative and inefficacious, so far as its ability to bring the results its proponents desire is concerned.

The inauguration of President Harding, March 4, was a solemn ceremony, though marked with true democratic simplicity. It was favored with beautiful weather, and this was by many considered a good augury for the future. The president took the oath of office on the Bible used by George Washington at his first induction in office, and on the verse which reads: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" It will be found in Micah 6:8.

The inaugural address was largely devoted to a forecast of our future foreign policy. "America," Mr. Harding said, "can be a party to no permanent military alliance." But for all that, "we have no thought to impede the paths to closer relationship. We wish to promote understanding. * * * We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference, for counsel, to seek the expressed views of world opinion, to recommend a way to approximate dis-

armament and relieve the crushing burdens of military and naval establishments. * * * In expressing aspirations, in seeking practical plans, in translating humanity's new concept of righteousness, justice and its hatred of war into recommended action we are ready most heartily to unite, but every commitment must be made in the exercise of our national sovereignty."

At the same time as President Harding took charge of the reins of authority, Governor Calvin Coolidge, as the vice president, convened the senate in extraordinary session and administered the oath of office to the 32 senators whose terms begin with the new congress.

Woodrow Wilson, now ex-president, left cheerfully the position on the bridge of the ship of state, which he has held for eight years, mostly tempestuous and threatening. He accompanied Mr. Harding to the Capitol, and the enthusiastic crowds along the route cheered both the new president and the out-going official. But Mr. Wilson was too feeble to attend the inauguration ceremonies.

The Sixty-sixth congress passed into history at noon, March 4. Immediately the new senate was called to order by Vice President Coolidge, to receive the cabinet appointments, which were confirmed. The new cabinet officers are:

Secretary of state, Charles E. Hughes, former supreme court justice and Republican nominee for the presidency.

Secretary of the treasury, Andrew W. Mellon of Pennsylvania, banker and financier.

Secretary of war, John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, former senator, and in 1916 a candidate for the presidential nomination.

Attorney general, Harry M. Daugherty of Ohio, who managed Mr. Harding's preconvention campaign.

Postmaster general, Will H. Hays of Indiana, chairman of the Republican national committee.

Secretary of the navy, Edwin Denby of Michigan, former member of congress.

Secretary of the interior, Albert B. Fall of New Mexico, now a senator.

Secretary of agriculture, Henry Wallace, of Iowa, editor of farm publications.

Secretary of commerce, Herbert Hoover of California, former food administrator and leader in various movements for European relief.

Secretary of labor, James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania and Illinois, a former United Steel worker, who has become the highest official in the Moose fraternity.

A Live Worker for the *Era*

G. E. South, agent *Improvement Era*, Amalgamated ward, Benson stake, was asked to obtain 9 subscriptions in that ward for the *Improvement Era*. He went out to canvass and obtained 30 subscriptions, 16 of which were paid at the time, and the others promised within a short time. We congratulate Brother South on his success, and are confident every subscriber who reads will be fully repaid in the contents of the magazine. The example is a very good one for the wards which have not yet their quota of subscriptions for the *Improvement Era*. Show the April number to the boys and send in your subscriptions beginning with April. The *Era* from May to October inclusive \$1.00. Try it for six months.



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Edward H. Anderson, } Moroni Snow, *Assistant*

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